

P O E M S

ON

Several OCCASIONS,

Formerly WRITTEN

By JOHN FREE, D.D.

Vicar of EAST-COKER in Somersetshire, Thursday Lecturer
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NEWINGTON in Surry.

The SECOND EDITION,

With Additions of *later* Pieces; and an *historical* and
critical Account of the *Origin* and *peculiar* Nature of
ENGLISH Poetry, in a Letter to a Member of PAR-
LIAMENT.

— *pares, quod vendere possis*
Pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
Ullius subeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra,
— *Lucri bonus est odor ex re*

Qualibet —
Unde habetas quærit Nemo, sed oportet habere,
Hoc monstrant vetulæ pueris poscentibus assim:
Hoc discunt Omnes ante Alpha et Beta puellæ.
Juvenal Satir. xiv.

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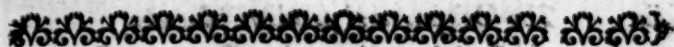
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A N

HISTORICAL and CRITICAL A C C O U N T

Of the *Origin* and peculiar *Nature* of ENGLISH Poetry, in a Letter to a MEMBER of *Parliament*.

— *Omnium magnarum Artium, sicut Arborum, Altitudo nos delectat. Radices Stirpesque non item: sed esse illa sine his non potest.* —

Neque enim ipse VERSUS Ratione est cognitus sed Natura & Sensu: quem dimensa Ratio docuit, quid acciderit. Ita notatio Naturæ, & Animadversio peperit Artem.

M. Tull: *ad M. Brutum, Orator.*

BATH September 7th 1757.

SIR,

I HAVE been at this HOSPITAL for the Sick and Idle about a Week, waiting for an Opportunity of going by the Stage-Coach to *Oxford*: during this Interval, I have recollected at Times, the Questions you once put to me, when we were walking in your oaken Shades at C——

As, What was the *Origin* of ENGLISH Poetry? Of what *Nature* or *Composition* is it? and how far *similar* to that of other Languages, especially the ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*?

I SEND you such Thoughts as have occurred to me upon my Journey, which indeed have already led me farther into the Subject than I foresaw, and may serve as a Foundation for more particular Observations and Discoveries, when I am more at Leisure.

A R T I-

ART. I. I observe then, that ENGLISH POETRY derives it's Original from the same Place with our LANGUAGE, that is, from his MAJESTY's Dominions in GERMANY, called of late, the *Electorate* of HANOVER, but best known in old History, by the Name of *Saxony*, or *lower Saxony*, the Inhabitants of which, at this Day, are good *Musicians*, and good *Soldiers*.

POETRY is a Species of *Musick*, and like it generally applied to such *Subjects*, as the PEOPLE most delight in, which in the Time of our *Ancestors* were *Feats of Arms*. For this Reason, when the *English* Muses first appeared in *Saxony* they were all the *Handmaids* of *Mars*: They served in the Camp, and by recording the great Actions of those, who had distinguished themselves in the Field, they encouraged the Soldiers for the sake of Glory, to undergo the Dangers, and Fatigues of War.

TACITUS tells us * *that they celebrated in ancient Verse their God Tuisto, or Tuits, and Man his Son, as the Founders of their Nation. — that they made use of a Sort of Poems, the Repetition of which was called BARDITUM, where with they fired the Minds of the People, and gathered what would be the Event of the future Battle, from the Sound of the Song: That they affrighted others, or were afraid themselves, just*
as

* *Celebrant Carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos Memoriae & Annalium Genus est) Tuistonem Deum Terra editum, & Filium Mannum, Originem Gentis, conditoresque — Sunt illis hæc quoque carmina, quorum Relatu quem Barditum, vocant accendunt animos, futuræque Pugnae Fortunam ipso Cantu augurantur. Terrent enim trepidantve prout sonuit Acies — Affectatur præcipue Asperitas soni, & fractus Murmur, objectis ad Os Scutis, quo plenior & gravior Vox Repercussu intumescat.*

Tacitus de Moribus Veterum Germanorum.

as the general Chorus of the Army was well or ill performed; that, to make it more terrible, they affected a Roughness of Sound, and broken Murmur, clapping their Shields to their Mouths, that the Voice might be fuller and deeper, and swelled by the Repercussion.

THIS BARDITUM of Tacitus is evidently a German Word Latinized, and consequently somewhat altered from its original Form. It might perhaps have been originally something like *Bardis Coone*, that is BARDS-TUNE. *Justus Lipsius* is for taking out the D, to accomodate it to a modern German Word: But as the Text of Tacitus universally retains that Letter, I do not see, that he has any Authority to reject it. It is evident that *Singers* and *Poets* were called *Bards* in the old *Tudesco*: and the Word has that Signification in the *English* Language to this Day. And if the latter Part of the Derivation TON or TUNE be not allowed; our Language suggests another: The Word *Dittie* with us signifies a SONG, probably from *Dichten* to feign, invent, compose, *Wer hat das Lied gedichtet?* qui est-ce, qui a composé, ou fait cette chanson? *chi ha fatto questa Canzone?* BARD-DITTY then, will signify the Composition of the Bards or the BARD'S-SONG.

BUT whatever may have been the *Etymology* of the Word, these here related, being the chief USES of Poetry among the German Nations, whose Manners Tacitus describes, and among which the *Angles*, or *English Saxons* were comprehended: It is natural to infer, that the first kind of Poetry among the *English*, was *Heroick Verse*. But of what Sort it was, may be a Question: I am far from thinking it to have been that of ten Syllables, to which we generally give the Name, such as;

*The Wrath of Peleus' Son, the direful Spring
Of all the Grecian Woes, O Goddess, sing.*

POPE'S Homer.

For

For supposing from the *Subjects* above related, and the Genius of the People, that the *first* Poetry, the *English* made use of was *Heroick*: It will follow that the most *antient* Verse, which we know of, is most likely to be that of *Heroick*.

AND therefore as we cannot precisely determine from History, what Species of Poetry was imported from the *Elbe* and the *Weser*, and first *carrol'd* in the Armies of *Hengist* and *Horsa*, at *Heopwine's Fleet*, or on the Banks of the *Thames* and *Medway*: I should give the Denomination of *old Heroick*, before any other Forms of Verse that now exist, to that of 14 Syllables, or 7 Feet, such as,

*The Lord descended from above, and bow'd the Heavens high,
And underneath his Feet he cast the Darknes of the Sky.*

PSALM 18.

Because in all the Countries of *Europe*, where any *Dialect* of the *Teutonick* or *Saxon* Tongue is now in use, I am told, that you may generally meet, with this Sort of Versification, tho' in many Places you may not find the rest: And from thence it is reasonable to believe it to be the most antient; since the universal Establishment of a Thing is reputed the Work of Time, and usually the Mark of it's Antiquity.

THERE remain still, many of our antient Poems written in this Sort of long Verse. The Tale of *Gamelyn*, attributed to *Chaucer*, is of this kind, tho' printed by Mr. Urry, in *Hemistichs*. Its proper Form is thus.

*His Men told him of Aventures, which that they had y found,
And Gamelyn told them again, how he was fast y bound.*

I HAVE by me a Translation of *Virgil's Æneid*, published by *Thomas Twine*, Doctor in *Physike*, in the Year 1584, entirely in this Metre.

*I, that my slender oten Pipe in Verse was wont to sound
Of Woods, and next to that I taught for Husbandmen the Ground,*
How

How Fruits unto their greedy Lusts they might constrain to bring,
A Work of Thanks: Lo! now of Mars and dreadful Wars I sing,
Of Arms, and of the Mun of Troy that first by fatal Slight,
Did thence arrive to Lavine Land, that now Italia bight,
But shaken sore by many a Storm, with Seas and Land y tost,
And all for Juno's endless Wrath, that wrought t'have had him lost.

The old Version of the *Psalms* by Sternhold and Hopkins still in Use in Churches, is generally of the same Sort of long Heroick Verse: and therefore my Friends Mr. W. and S. who lately put out an Edition of the *Psalms* in modern Heroicks, are mistaken, in calling this old Versification the Short Verse. Perhaps they were led into this Error, by seeing the *Psalms* printed in *Half-Verses*, in the *Common Prayer-Books*, used in the Southern Parts of this Kingdom, which, however, is a Reproach to the Editors.

OUR Countrymen in the North are much more careful of the State of Learning in general; and of the English Tongue in particular. For in this very Article the *Common Prayer-Book* printed at Edinburgh is correct, and the Verses make one long Line, as they do, in the Translation of *Virgil* aforementioned.

BUT though this, which I am contending for, may have been the most antient kind of ENGLISH Heroick Verse, that we know of: I am far from denying, but there may have been other Forms of Versification, perhaps as antient, which may now be lost. The Writers of the *Saxon Grammar* give us Room to think "That they had great Variety; that "they sometimes made use of Rhyme," which seems to mean, that it was not so common, as it is at present."—"That on some Occasions, it is not "difficult to discover, as they think, the Measure of "the Verses by Position, at other Times they say "there is no guessing at it." I suppose through the Fallibility of this Rule, which seems to be mere
a Imagination.

Imagination. What they add farther, is much more reasonable. " That the Sound of the *contiguous* Vowels or *Diphthongs*, is now much obscured, that the Distinction of Vowels by *Nature* long, if any such there were, is entirely lost and forgot, yet they say that the *English-Saxon* Poets attended to some Sort of *Quantity*, tho' not so strictly as the *Greeks* and *Latins*, and that our Measure sometimes agrees with theirs. That we had *Adonic Verse*; the *Heptasyllable* of *ARCHILOCHUS*; and Verses correspondent to that *Foot* of the *GREEKS*, which they call the *IONICK* of the less."

" + *QUANTITAS Syllabarum natura* longarum breviumque hodie penitus ignoratur. In super jam nunc incognita duarum pluriumve vocalium multo contiguarum pronuntiatio quotidie obscurior evadit; & præcipue διφθόγγα. Potestas in emotua dudum, & diu neglecta Lingua est plane in-scrutabilis.

" Attamen istud haud dubium erit, *Saxonicos* Poetas — & Syllabicæ Quantitati, & metricis Pedibus advertisse: Licet non tam presse & ad Amussim quod faciunt Græci & Latini; subinde Mensuræ versum cum *Latinis Gracisque* conveniunt. *Metra Adonidia*.

Rinc open-exla :

Rodepa-----palbend.:

Archilochia heptasyllaba

Under he-opa fo-rum.

" Est quando singuli Pedes *Ionici a minori* constituunt singulos versus.

+ Compendium Gram. Saxon. Oxon. Edit.

IT may be there were such; tho' it is also likely, that this may be such an *Error*, as I have before noted, a Mistake of the *Members* or *Pauses* of the Verses, for a Verse. These rambling Observations however lead me.

ART. II. In the second Place to consider more precisely the present *Composition* of *English* Poetry; or wherein the *Nature* of our *VERSE* consists.

SIR Philip Sidney, and the *Wits* of Q. Elizabeth's Time were for reducing it to the Measure of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and with this Conceit we had Verses composed of *Dactyls* and *Spindes*.

Not fair | faced be | was but be | was fair | spoken U | lysses.

These Experiments were not grounded upon any Conceptions, which such Practitioners had of the *Feet*, *Quantities*, or *Measure*, used by the old *English*, (For our People generally study no Language so little as their own) but was barely the idle Amusement of their abundant Leisure, to see if they could reduce some *English* Words to the *Heroick* Measure of the *Latin* or *Greek*: A Project attended with so little Success; that had they attempted to have written a *Poem* of that Sort in *English*, consisting of no more than one hundred Verses, I am persuaded it would have exhausted their whole Stock of Materials, for this Sort of Versification, so little does our Language abound with *Dactyls* and *Spindes*.

THE *Hypercriticks* still of the *classick* Order, have upon these Occasions made themselves more ridiculous than the *Wits*; the Consequence of their being more full of their *Greek* and *Latin*! and the *Froth*, which swims upon such *Repletions*.

To pass by some late *Editors*, who may live to be brought to their Understanding by Degrees. How

diverting must it have been, to an *English* Historian to hear the *dogmatick* Ignorance of * *Bentley*; when he affirms? "ut *Latini omnia Metrorum Genera de Græcis acceperunt; ita nostrates de Latinis*" Though it is well known, that the *English* had their *Poets*, long before they had any Knowledge of the *Roman* People, or the *Latin* Tongue.

SOMETHING *similar* to be sure, there will be in the *Poetry* of most Nations, which will arise from the *Nature* of the *Things*; even, where there has been no Opportunity for *Intercourse*, or *Imitation*. The same *Passions* are generally expressed in the same *Manner*, and beside their *Quickness*, or *Solemnity*; there is in *Nature* a certain *Sameness* of *Modulation* constantly attending these *passionate* Expressions, these *Modulations* are a Sort of natural *Chants*, which will find a Place in all Languages, and produce particular Kinds of *Musick*, as well as particular Kinds of *VERSE*. *Similitudes* of this Sort, or from this Original, I allow there may be found, in comparing our *Poetry*, with the *Greek* and *Latin*: But in many *Respects* they are very different.

FOR the *Time* of our *Verse* now-a-days, is not measured so much by any inherent Quantity in the Vowels, or *accidental* Quantity derived to them from their *Position*, or *Connexion* with one, or more Consonants; as it is from the *Accent*, which we lay upon the Syllables; which *Accent* is sometimes invariable; but in doubtful or common Syllables, depends in great Measure, upon the *Structure* of the Words and the *Form* of the *Verse*, which defines the Number, and the Kind of Feet. For this Reason, because it depends so much upon the *Accent*, I imagine that when the *English* shall cease to be a *Living* Language, our *Poetry* will be lost in great Measure; and not to

be

* De Metris Terentianis.

be discovered by future *Criticks*, any farther, than as the Rhyme shall chance to assist them, which will be but imperfectly, as is evident from the present State of *Chaucer's Works*, and the hobbling Manner in which our common People read them.

If this should happen, the Fate of our Language in this Respect would not be singular; it seems to be the very Case of the *Hebrew Poetry*, and probably from the same Circumstances. For I am so far of Bishop *Hare's* Opinion as to believe, that they had little or no stated Quantity to their Syllables, but such as the national *Pronunciation*, or *Form* of the Verse, to which they were subservient, should chance to give them: Otherwise they would never have had Occasion for three *Sets of Vowels*, and the Invention of so many *Musical* and *Tonick ACCENTS* to ascertain the Sound, and preserve it to future Generations.

Dr. *LOWTH* indeed, in Contradiction to Bishop *Hare's* second *Canon*, says that the * *Hebrews* strictly observ'd Quantity, and that the Words *javóh* and *lecól* make always two *Iambick Feet*, &c. i. e. from their *literary* or *Vowel Quantity*.

If this *always* refers only to the *Psalms* in Question, it is no Proof, that these Words make *always* the same Sort of Feet in the *Rest*: but, if *always* refers to the *whole Book of Psalms*, then these Words *javóh*, *lecól* can never appear in *Psalms* of the *Trochaick Measure* κατὰ τὰς ἀγρίας χώρας, and it would have been a more satisfactory Argument, if the Doctor had shewn by particular Instances, where they are so excluded.

I make

* *Quantitas Syllabarum semper habetur Ratio: nam eadem vox quotiescunq; recurrit semper est ejusdem Quantitatis. Exempli Gratia, javóh, lecól, semper sunt Iambi. Et quæ sequuntur.*

I MAKE this Remark in Pursuit of Truth, and not for the Sake of differing from Dr. LOWTH, whose poetical Lectures read at *Oxford*, do Honour to the Nation: being written in a masterly *Latin* Style, and animated throughout by that fine *Poetick* Spirit, so happily possessing, or possessed by the Author.

BUT to return, if the *Hebrews* measured their Feet by any stated *literary* Quantity, and not by the Quantity of Sound, or Accent: It is plain that the Quantity of the *English* Feet, now-a-days, depends upon other Causes, and chiefly upon the Accent or Pronunciation.

SOMETIMES indeed the Consonants may be a little crowded, and stand in such a thick Position as to render it difficult by the most rapid Pronunciation to shorten them in such a Manner as the Measure of the Verse would in exact Harmony require: But this happens but seldom: and if the Words be of one † Syllable there is generally in them notwithstanding the Conjunction of some Consonants, such an uncommon Ductility, that we can mould them into what Form we please, and by a surprizing Combination of their Sounds, make them appear to a Stranger as one open Word of many Syllables. Instances of this we have in Mrs *Elstob's* Preface to her *Saxon Grammar*.

Er — it was Day - as was her won - to do.

CHAUCER.

HERE beside the Conjunction of the *Monosyllables*,

† THIS is just the Reverse of what *Quintilian* remarks concerning the Property of the Monosyllables in the *Latin* Tongue. *Etiam Monosyllaba ubi plura sunt, male continuabuntur, quia necesse est, compositio multis clausulis concisa subsultet. Ideoque etiam brevium Verborum ac nominum vitanda Continuatio—Lib. 9. c. 4.*

bles, we may observe, that *was* before *Day* tho' long by Position, according to the *Latin* Prosody, is by our Pronunciation an exceeding short Syllable.

So then, if I were in brief to reply to your Question concerning the *Nature* or *Composition* of ENGLISH Verse; I should say it consists of regular Numbers; that is of regular Feet, and of a certain Number, according to the stated Dimensions of this, or that, Sort of Verse: But that the Quantity of these Feet depends chiefly upon the Accent or Pronunciation.

Art. III. It may be observed however, that the Quantity of the Feet in *English* Verse, being determined by the Pronunciation, makes no Difference between that and other Languages as to the Manner of measuring the Feet by long and short Syllables. The Quantity of which will in every Language be determined by the Time; that is, the Quickness or Slowness of the Pronunciation, let that depend upon what Cause it will. Our Ancestors distinguished the Time only by their † ACCENT, which was their long Note; and the only Mark of Distinction they made use of, the Breve in Pronunciation, was not denoted by any Character: Nor indeed was it necessary. For the acute Accent shewing the *Arsis*, or Elevation of the Voice, or as *Horace* calls it, the *Stroke* or *Ictus*: The Parts of the Sentence, which wanted such a Mark, passed of Course for the Short Syllables.

The Principles then of *English* Measure are a long
NOTE

† The Accent was used likewise to distinguish Words, which were spelt alike, but had different Meanings; when applied by the Moderns to antient Writings, it gives a Sound to the E feminine, or Syllables that might otherwise be quiescent.

NOTE and a *Breve*: These may suffer *Transposition*; but in genuine *English* Verse we seldom find the *Spondee* or two long Notes placed together. A nice Ear easily distinguishes this, when it happens; for unless it be applied with great Judgment, it generally gives a *Stoppage* or disagreeable *Slowness* to the Verse, upon which Account it has it's Use, when the *Line* too labours, as Mr. POPE expresses it, and there is a particular Accommodation of the Sound to the Sense, of which our Language is very capable. For in this Case it helps to *break*, or clog the Measure, as in the following Verse.

With all her Might draws forth the flaming Blade. JUDITH.

THIS Disuse of the *Spondee* occasions a Scarcity of the Feet, which the *Greeks* call *ΙΣΟΧΡΟΝΟΙ* and *ΙΣΟΔΥΝΑΜΟΙ* that is, equivalent to it, particularly the *DACTYL*.

THE *Spondee*, and it's Kindred, which are Emblems of common Time, being thus for the most Part excluded; it will be found, that our Muses disport themselves chiefly in *Triple* Measure: The favourite Feet with us, being either the *Iambus*, or *Trochee*; which if they are referred to *antient* Musick will answer, the former to a *Breve* and a *Long* in a Bar, the latter to a *Long* and *Breve*; or as Musick is now expressed by Notes, that are supposed to be more rapid, perhaps I should be better understood, If I said these Feet were partly correspondent, the one to *Crotchet* and a *Minum*, in a Bar, the other to a *Minum* and a *Crotchet*. These Feet in Scanning may remain in their *Simple* State, or be formed upon Occasion into *Dipodies*, so as to make a *Ditrochæus*, *Diiambus*, *Choriambus*, either to mark the *Incisions*, or grand *Pauses* of the Verse, which is an Use of our own;

own; or for the Sake of shewing the *Analogy* of our Measure, with some of the *compounded Feet* of the *Greeks and Romans*.

FOR as I observed before there is some *Analogy* in all *Prosody*. If the *long Note* of the *English* be considered as *equivalent* in *Time* to the *Foot* which the *Greeks* call * *διχρονος*, we can divide our *Verse*, by similar *Feet*, and thus far reconcile it to their Measure: And if it be more intelligable to the *Learned* in other *European Countries*, we can give them a Description of our Poetry, in *Latin* or *Greek Terms*, which are generally understood, and have passed into the *Grammars* of most Nations. For Instance we have the *IAMBICK Acatalectic*, consisting of *seven Feet*, as;

The Lord | descēd | ded frōm | abōve | and bōw'd | the Hēa | wēt hīgh
Psalm. 118.

WE have the pure *Quinarian*, or *IAMBICK* of *five Feet*.

As at | th' Olym'p | yan Gāmes | or P'yth | yan. Fields |

THE *i* being here to be Sounded as *y*, consonant I have put that Letter to represent it.

THEN again we have the *IAMBICK* of *four Feet*.

When cī | wil Dūdg | yon first | grew hīgh,
And Mēn | fell out | they knēw | not why. |

BUTLERS HUDIBRAS.

THE same *Brachycatalectic*; in short almost all kinds of *Iambick Verses*: For the *Iambus* is the *Foot* most familiar to our Language, So that in this Respect

ΕΚ τῶν συλλαβῶν ἴσιν οἱ πόδες· ὧν δισύλλαβοι μὲν δ.
διχρονος μὲν εἷς, ἐκ δὲ βραχυῶν, ὁ περὶ ἑνός. κ. τ. λ.

ΗΦΑΙΣΤΙΟΝ. ΠΕΡΙ ΠΟΔΩΝ.

spect, we may say with TULLY, *magnum Partem ex Iambis nostra constat Oratio*. The full and perfect *Spondee*, as I observed before, is but rarely met with; and for the same Reason, that the *Spondee* is excluded, the *Dactyl* appears but seldom. In very old *Ballads* and *Ditties* a *single Dactyl* is sometimes used, and gives a *comical Heave* to the Verse, expressive of, and perhaps at first accompanying the clumsy Caper of a dancing Peasant.

BUT the *Trochee* is very frequent, it is often mixed with the *Iambicks*; and makes beside an agreeable and chearful kind of Measure of it's own; tho' these Verses are generally *catalectic*, or, if you please, *redundant*. For I cannot say whether the *Trimeter* be the just Dimension of the Verse; if it be, there is a Syllable more, as in these fine Lines of Mr. Waller's.

Phyllis | wot'st thou | wot'st thou | lay?
Pleasure's | shorter | than the | Day.
Could we | which we | never | tan,
Stretch our | Lives be | yond the | span,
Beauty | like a | Shadow | flies,
And our | Youth be | fore us | dies,
Or woud | Youth and | Beauty | stay,
Love bath | Wings and | will a | way. &c.

BESIDE these more common Forms of Verse, some old Writers used the *Anapestick* † and our People of late Years in their short *Satires*, and popular *Epi-grams*, have much revived it. Some Verses are purely such;

In a Smith's | smutty Shop | if you e | ver have been, |

SOME again admit of the *Iambus*, and are *catalectic*; as in the following humorous Love-letter.

Is

† *Robert of Gloucester* in the Time of Henry III.

” *M. T. Cicero; M. Brutum Orator.*

Is my, dear *Hetty*, willing to marry with me?

Speak quick, or I'm going your Servant. *DICK LEE.*

P. S. But stay; you will say, this was too short a Warning,

So I'll wait for your Answer till next Monday Morning.

THESE I take to be *principal* Sorts of Verse now in Use in our Language; the rest generally arising from some *Mixture* or *Composition*, of *these*, or their Parts: It remains, that I shew to what *Subjects* they are applied, and what *Denomination* they take from their *Subjects*.

ENGLISH Poetry is divided according to it's *Subjects*, after the Manner of other Nations. We have the *Epick*, commonly called the *Heroick*, the *Didactic*, and the *Lyrick*; these Sorts are *narrative*: Some are *Active* or *DRAMATICK*: as the *Tragick*, and the *Pastoral*: For our *Comedies* are now no more in Verse.

TO *HEROICK* Subjects we formerly gave the Species of Verse, which I mentioned before under the Name of the *old Heroick*, when I treated of the Origin of *English* Poetry. But now upon such Occasions we generally use the *Quinarian Iambick*, of *five* Feet, or *ten* Syllables; *Latin* or *Greek* Words with one Vowel before another, which form an *Amphimacer*, or by our Pronunciation sink that Vowel into a *Diphthong*, tho' they shew the Place of one, are not considered as adding another Syllable.

THERE is an *essential* Difference between the *old* and the *common* *HEROICK* with regard to the *Pauses*, which in the *old* are always fixed to a Place, and fall upon the 8th Syllable; in the *common* *HEROICK* they vary; and much more in *Rhyme* than in *Blank* Verse; where the *Iambick* shews itself continually, and without much Variation of the Pause, and yet gives little or no Offence: But in *Rhyme* this Sameness of Cadence

Cadence would be intolerable, and therefore our *Rhymers*, who have been Men of *Taste*, and well acquainted with *Classical Learning*, have contrived to hide it with great *Dexterity*. What more surprising than this Verse of Mr. *Dryden's*?

Arms — and the Man — I sing — who bore'd — by Fate.

HE knew, that the Verse he used was *Iambick*, which consists of Feet, but feeble at first setting out, and therefore to be heard, and create Attention, he gives the Alarm by a long Syllable, the first Foot therefore is a *Trocheé*, and the two first Feet, which form the first Pause, make thereby a *Choriambus*.

THE Musick in Mr. *Pope's* Verses is owing to the variety of the *Pauses*, and of all the *Pauses*, provided *Variety* be preserved, that is reckoned the sweetest, where the Poetical *Trajectory* is the longest, and the Rapidity of the Voice the greatest. In the following Lines you may see the *Mechanism* and *Force* of these various *Pauses*,

*That Wrath which burl'd — to Pluto's gloo — my Reign
The Souls of mighty Chiefs — untimely slain.*

POPE's Iliad.

IN the first Line, there is a slowness of the Pronunciation at *burl'd*, yet after that, the Rapidity of the Voice increases till it terminates at *gloo* — and the Iambick Feet form themselves into *Dipodies*, till you come to the last Foot. In the next Verse the *Trajectory* to the first grand *Pause* is formed by a *Tripody*, which is followed by two disunited Feet. The Structure of these Verses therefore is very different, tho' rising out of the same Materials. Mr. *Creech* has a very extraordinary Verse, which rests in the same Places, with the last of these, and is more rapid in the first Member, tho' it consists entirely of Monosyllables.

Nor

Nor could the World have born—so fierce a Flame.

THIS Sort of Verse of *ten* Syllables seems to be of some Antiquity in *England*. It was used by *Chaucer*, who died, I believe, in the Year 1400.

With him there rode a gentil Pardonere,

Of Rounceval his Friend and his Compere :

It was used likewise by *Gawin Douglas*, Bishop of *Dunkeld* in *Scotland*, in his famous *English* Translation of *Virgil*. He was born about 74 Years after the Death of *Chaucer*, and wrote in the *Northern* Dialect.

Quhill as the manful Trojan *Aeneas*

To se their nyse *Figuris* wonderand was

And as he musit, studeand in ane Stare

But one ane Sicht quhar on he blenkit there :

The Queen *Didó*, excellent in Bewté

To Tempill cummis with ane fare Menzé

Of lusty Zoungeris walking her about

Like to the Goddes *Diane* with her Rout.

ÆN. I.

I cannot help remarking here, the little Regard, which some People pay to Truth, when they have it in their Power to suppress any Thing, that seems to do credit to the NAME of *England*. The Publisher of the last Edition of this Book, says it is in the old *Scotish* Language : He might as well have said it was in *Arabick*. Since every one, who is acquainted with Languages knows, that there is no *Scotish* Language but the *Erse*. Whereas the Speech of the *Lowlanders* is *ENGLISH* ; and if he had never learnt from History, that the *Mother Tongue* was introduced into *Pietland*, that is, the *East* of *Scotland* by *Oetha* and *Abyssa*, soon after we had it in *Kent* : the *Grammar* of the Language might have informed him of

b

it's

● M. Tullius Cic. ad M. B. Orator.

xxviii *Of the Origin, and peculiar Nature,*

it's Original, For here is the very Saxon Participle in *NO considerand, studeand* for *considering, studying,* And therefore Sir *David Lindsey* acquits himself, like a good *Historian*, and an *honest* Man, when in the same *Dialect*, he celebrates this Bishop *Douglas*, as the FLOWER of *English Rhetorick*.

*Alace! for ane quiblk Lamp was in this Land,
Of Eloquence the Flow, and balmy Strand,
And in our Inglis Rhetorick the Rose, &c.*

BUT this by Way, the View I have in producing his Poetry here is to shew, that both our *Northern* and *Soutbern* DIALCETS exhibited, at this Period this Kind of Metre, an Argument, that the Use of it was *universal* in the Island, and that therefore it is very antient, tho' not so antient, as what I call the *old Heroick*.

BESIDE the *two* Sorts aforementioned, we have *two others*, the *mixed* HEROICK, and the HEROICOMICAL.

THE *mixed* HEROICK, consists of Heroick Verses, of *ten* Syllables put into *Stanza*, which is a *Mode* of *Lyrick* Poetry: The Forms of the *Stanza* are various. The most remarkable are those of *Chaucer*, *Lidgate* his Scholar, *Gower* his Contemporary, *Spenser* in the *Fairie-queen*, *Bishop Hall*, and *Fairfax*, the Translator of *Tasso*.

THE HEROICOMICAL, or *Mock-heroick* is peculiar to ourselves, it is an *Iambick* Verse of 4 Feet, or 8 Syllables, sometimes Rhyming with two Syllabels. It grew remarkable about the Reign of *Charles II.* chiefly by the Use of two great Wits, Mr. BUTLER the Author of *Hudibras*, and Mr. COTTON the Author of *Virgil Travestie*, who have since been imitated with great Applause, by *Prior*, *Swift*, and many others.

OF

OF DIDACTICK Poems, which teach the *Knowledge* of some *Art*, or it's Improvements, we have two very fine Ones; Mr. *Phillips's* CYDER, and Mr. *Dyer's* FLEECE.

As for our LYRICK Poetry; I much question, but that the first *Lyrick* was of the same Sort with, what I call the *old* HEROICK; and that the ANTIENTS made Use of this *favourite* Measure, upon all *solemn* Subjects and *publick* Occasions, tho' it seems in it's Original to have been only taken from the Sound of some *March*, or *Alarm* to the Soldiery. For it very much *resembles* in it's *Movement*, or *Beat of Time*, the simple *Whit* and *Dub* of the *Tabour* and *Pipe*, continued for 14 *Strokes* together. I find a little Piece, supposed to be a *wise Saying*, or *Meditation* of King ALFRED's, which I imagine to have been of this Form. It is printed indeed in *Hemistichs* by the MODERNS, and so appears to make 8 Verses; which however I reduce to 4 of the Sort abovementioned, concluding, as it is written in *Rhyme*, that there would have been a *Rhyme* to every Verse, and consequently 8 Rhymes, if there had been 8 Verses.

Ic am eāþer þan Ic þer, A pīnþe 7 ec a Lone,
Ic ealþo mōþe þan Ic deðe, Mý pīt ouȝt to bi mōþe:
ƿel longe Ic habbē Chīlþe ibien, on pōþdē 7 on deðe,
Theȝh Ic bi on pīnþe eāþ, to ġuīȝ Ic am on nede.

I am the more inclined to this Opinion: because much of our *Lyrick* now in Use, is made out of the Members, of the *old* HEROICK, broke at the *Pause*, and considered as so many *distinct* Verses, two of which are destitute of Rhyme; as in the Book of Psalms, translated by *Tate* and *Brady*: Or else the same Measure with the Addition of *alternate* Rhymes to the *first* and *third* *Hemistich*. Beside these, the *Lyrick* is either in *Stanza*, (as the *Greeks* and *Romans* had

xxx Of the Origin, and peculiar Nature,
had their *Alcaicks*, and *Sapphicks* ;) or else in shorter
Verse than the *HEROICK*, and without *Stanza* ; as
in the *Trochaicks* above cited.

Phyllis why should we delay, &c.

As for those *irregular Verses* let loose in the Time
of Mr. Cowley, under the Denomination of *Pindar-
icks*, I believe they will hardly meet with Approba-
tion, unless in a barbarous Age or Nation, that may
be caught with the unmeasured Rhymes of a *French*
Writer of Fables : And therefore, whoever goes
about to recall these Exiles hither, I believe will
fail of Success. The Mind well informed delights
in Regularity. In *Harmony* as in all other Things,
it looks for *Proportion*, and is always disgusted when
it feels the Want of it. I think I speak this from
Nature ; but if my Opinion need the Support of
Authority, I have the Voice of one, to whom the
World has been used to pay some Attention, and
therefore I recite his Words. *Aures * enim, vel
Animus, aurium Nuntio, naturalem quandam in se
continet vocum omnium Mensuram. Itaque & longi-
ora & breviora judicat, & perfecta, & moderata semper
expectat. Mutila sentit quædam & quasi decurtata :
quibus, tanquam debito fraudetur, offenditur.*

As for *DRAMATICK* Poetry, the Tragedy is
written in the same Sort of Verse with our *Heroick*
Poems, that is in the *Iambick* of ten Syllables ; whe-
ther that be in *Rhyme* or not.

SOME of our late *Counting-house* TRAGEDIANS
by all the Assistance of WARD and WINGATE have
not been able to tell these Ten. For beside the
allowable Redundancy of one Syllable, we have
been tired with Verses of such a Length, as I
believe the World never heard before, and I hope
will never hear again.

OUR

OUR PASTORAL the last Species of Poetry mentioned in my *Divison*, if it be of the *Dramatick* sort, is now generally written after the Manner of *Virgil* and *Theocritus* in *Heroick Verse*, tho' formerly it was in *Stanza*. As I am straitned for Room I cannot expatiate here upon these Subjects; and therefore refer you for a more full and just Account, to the *third* Part of my *History of the English Tongue*, which may one Time or other make it's Appearance, under the *Auspices* of some learned MINISTRY: For such being acquainted with our *Original*, must know our *antient* and *natural* Connexions, and *discern* what contributes to strengthen that, which is at once the PROTESTANT, and, ENGLISH *Interest*.

I am, Sir,

As long as you continue in this *Interest*,
(and I believe that will be to the End of your Life)

Your most devoted, and obedient Servant,

JOHN FREE.

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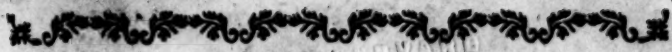
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ERRATUM.

Page 64. for the Time, read, Time.



ANNUAL

O D E

TO THAT

HEROICK and LEARNED
Prince, FREDERICK III.
King of PRUSSIA, &c.

*Occasioned by the signal Victory, which HIS MAJESTY
obtained over the Austrian Army, near the City of
Prague, on the 6th of May, 1757, first printed in
the London Chronicle of May 24, about which Time
the News arrived in ENGLAND.*

*Quem virum, aut heroa, Lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumas celebrare Clio?—*

HOR.



WHEN antient HORACE took his Lyre in
Hand,

Dispos'd some *Hero* of those Times to praise,
He view'd the *Roman* Race, and at a Stand,

Ask'd of his Muse the Subject of his Lays.

Not undetermin'd I attempt to sing,

Their dubious Worth his Fancy might divide,
I see in one the *Hero*, *Sage*, and KING,

And want no fabled *Clio* for my Guide.

The World's great *Circus* echoes to my Choice;

'Tis FRED'RICK, says the universal Voice.

B

WHAT

WHAT Sons of Merit in past Ages shone,
 Dim now, as Stars remote, we scarce can see,
 Some with faint Glories clust'ring into one,
 Mix in * Confusion, like the *Galaxy*.
 Or where, like *Cynthia*, more distinct in Light,
 They roll around, as Planets of our own,
 And greater seem to us as near our Sight,
 Yet in the vast Expanse they're hardly known;
 And all these Tribes of Night at once give Way,
 Lost in the Splendor of thy solar Ray.

Nimrod, the first great † Hunter, disappears,
 The sacred Record just preserves his Name,
 While his proud † Tow'r, once lifted to the Stars,
 Has moulder'd to the Dust, from whence it came;
 And all the human Savages, that fear'd
 His iron Rod, and far-alarming Rage,
 Have the same Fate from old *Oblivion* shar'd,
 Who draws her Curtain round a barb'rous Age,
 And leaves scarce *Egypt's* Pyramids to tell
 By whom they rose, or who within them dwell.

WHAT

* Thus we read of different Persons of the Name of *Jupiter*, and of *Hercules*, though now not generally distinguished.

† It was reported in *England*, that when his *Prussian* Majesty set out upon his Expedition to *Saxony*, he took the *English* Ambassador in his Coach, and told him, that he was going a Hunting. † *Babel*.

WHAT then his *Fame*?—It is the Breath of Man
 Inform'd by Wisdom, and by Words preserv'd,
 Then dealt to others, by what Arts we can,
 On *Mind* imprinted, and on *Marble* carv'd:
Tradition falling, makes *Oblivion's* Age,
 Where that's corrupt, 'tis fabulous and vain;
 But Times *obscure* Attention scarce engage,
 And the gross *fable* Sense and Truth disdain.
 Old Bards, indeed, may story as they please,
Dicæan Jove, or *Grecian* Hercules.

WE judge of real Heroes, for whose Worth
 Historic TRUTH can give her Evidence;
 Not *Homer's* Captains here may issue forth,
 Nor *Pindar's* Champions of athletic Sense,
 For mean their Occupation to obtain
 Place with imperial Conquerors, who hurl'd
 Their Terrors o'er the Earth, and o'er the Main,
 Through the wide *Quarters* of a subject *World*;
 Where dwell these *Demigods*, her chosen few,
 Fair FAME her inmost Temple opes to view.—

' THERE tow'rd's the Windows of the East, she cries,
 ' Where *Sol* emerging darts his vig'rous Beam,
 ' On yon fair * Portrait cast your wond'ring Eyes,
 ' A mighty Artist! and a mighty Theme!

B 2

* That

* The *Cyropædia*, or *Life of* CYRUS, written by Xenophon,

- ‘ That fam’d *Athenian* erst the Picture wrought
- ‘ *Socratick* *XENOPHON*, who shews the Piece,
- ‘ His Pupil near, who comprehends his Thought;
- ‘ || *Agefilaüs* was,—the Pride of *Greece* !
- ‘ As on a Tablet see expanded lie
- ‘ Whole *Asia* with her Mountains, Rivers, Plains ;
- ‘ Nor ask what Art such Numbers could supply
- ‘ Of Armies marching o’er her wide Domains,
- ‘ * Yon brave young *Persian*, Gods ! what kingly Mien
- ‘ What heav’nly Aspect in that Face is seen !
- ‘ Hail, mighty *Cyrus*, the Humane and Great,
- ‘ Whose Mind capacious could for these provide,
- ‘ Whose pow’r so many warlike Nations beat,
- ‘ Or *Wisdom* won unconquer’d to his Side.
- ‘ See savage People now in friendly Guise
- ‘ Unite together in the Arts of Peace ;
- ‘ See Cities spread, and solemn † Temples rise,
- ‘ To bless this Friend, and Lord of human Race,
- ‘ Whose

phon, who was himself not only a great Philosopher and fine Historian, but also one of the greatest Captains of his Age, being famous through all Antiquity for having so great a Share in conducting the Retreat of the 10,000 *Greeks*, who travelled some thousand Miles through an Enemy’s Country. || —*Xenophon Agefilaüm*—Tull.

* *Φῦναι δὲ κύρος λέγεται—εἶδος μὲν κάλλους, ψυχὴν δὲ φιλανθρωπότητος, καὶ φιλομαθείας, καὶ φιλοτιμότητος, ὥστε πάντα μὲν πόρον ἀναλῆναι, πάντα δὲ κίνδυνον ὑπομῖναι τὴν ἐπαινεῖσθαι ἴσκα.*

Xenophon.

† He was a Friend to true Religion, and ordered the Rebuilding of the Temple at *Jerusalem*.

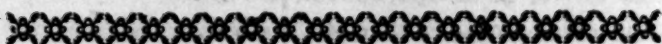
- ‘ Whose Laws could profit, whose Example bind,
- ‘ And *Virtue* fix his Empire in the Mind.
- ‘ UNEQUAL’D this bright Model of a King !
- ‘ ‘Till twice a thousand Years produc’d his *Peer* ;
- ‘ For, hark ! the Mansions of my Temple ring
- ‘ With the loud Rumor of decisive War.
- ‘ Sudden as vain *Belfazzar*’s heretofore,
- ‘ I see another Capital descend ;
- ‘ The *Moldaw* wafts the Cry from Shore to Shore,
- ‘ And like *Euphrates* turns the Victor’s Friend,
- ‘ Again the * *Babylonish* Idols bow,
- ‘ And what great *CYRUS* was, is *German* FRED’RICK now.

B 3

ADVICE

* The Idolatry of the Church of *Rome* is often typically represented under the Name of *Babylon*.

Further, one remarkable Similitude in the Character of *CYRUS* the Great, and that of *FREDERICK* King of *Prussia*, cannot but be observed by all true *Englishmen* and good Subjects, which is, that when the Kingdom and Dominions of his Uncle, or *Mother’s Brother*, were in Danger, *Cyrus* immediately took the Field, in his Cause, and for his Defence. For *Neriglissar* on his coming to the Crown, making great Preparations for a War against the *Medes*, *Cyaxares* called *Cyrus* out of *Persia* to his Assistance, and on his Arrival with an Army of thirty thousand *Persians*, *Cyaxares* made him General of the *Medes* also, and sent him with the joint Forces of both Nations to make War against the *Babylonians*. And from this Time he was reckoned by all Foreigners as King over both Nations, although in Reality the Regal Power was solely in *Cyaxares*, and *Cyrus* was then no more than General of the confederate Army under him.



ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX.

A P O E M.

Translated from the Greek of NAUMACHIUS.

First printed, in the Year, 1736.

*Ladies, attend; from ancient Greece receive
The Precepts, Moderns are too lewd to give.
Who wrote these Verses, shew'd a Father's Care,
At once admir'd, and disciplin'd the Fair;
In Times, before kept Mistresses began,
When Wives could win the Savage-Creature Man!
When Maiden-Ladies not too wanton grown
Could praise Virginity, and LIE alone.
Oh! had' he been in these DEGEN'RATE DAYS—
But hear my Author, and approve his Lays.*

HAPPY the Maid, whose Body pure and chaste-
Is still by Thoughts of Innocence possess'd :
Who keeps her Virgin Liberty ; nor knows
A Mother's Burthen, nor a Mother's Woes.
No brooding Cares her easy Days perplex ;
She sits above the Frailties of her Sex :
By Fancy wasted here or there may feel
The Good in ev'ry State without the Ill,

Tho'

ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX. 7

Tho' single, be in Conversation join'd,
Where Thought meets Thought, the Wedlock of the Mind!

Or would my Fair, from Cares and Bus'ness free,
Like greedy Merchants dare the troubled Sea,
And turn that sad Adventurer—a Wife;
I'll be her Pilot down the Tide of Life.

LET Reason guide you, be not over-nice;
But rest contented with a Parent's Choice.
Blest is the Maid, who weds a Man of Sense:
Who takes a Fool must bear his Insolence.
To a wife Husband ev'ry Thought submit,
Nor trust a *Female Forwardness* of Wit.
If Care oppress him, gentle Words may find
A fond Acceptance, and relieve his Mind:
Your friendly Charms may mitigate his Woe;
And prove the sweetest Comfort Man can know.
Affairs abroad he best will understand;
Home is the Province for a Wife's Command*.

In

* The *Greek* expresseth yet something more than this. For it was then as fashionable to be much at home, busied in the Affairs of the Family; as it is now to be continually skipping about from Place to Place, upon short Visits: Though by the way, it is a great Instance of the Love, Ladies have for Fashions; that they could comply with a Custom so disagreeable to things of a volatile impatient Nature. The Husbands found their Account in it; they persuaded their Wives, that it was a Piece of Modesty:

8 ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX,

In things of weight if he reveal his Mind.
Be sure to take the Condescension kind;
With due Attention wait till all is said;
If aught you answer, be that Answer weigh'd.
Seek not to alter Schemes you cannot mend,
Nor promise aught to fail him in the End.

SHE, who would shew her Prudence and her Truth,
Desires but one, the Husband of her Youth:
No Man of Taste, or Elegance will wed
The widow'd Partner of another's Bed.
If Fate confine you to an Head-strong Fool;
The way to mend him is to let him rule:
Bear with the Evil, which you can't redress;
And by your Silence make his Follies less:
To Friend, or Parent, never once impart
The Overflowings of a Wife's sad Heart.
To tell his Madness will increase the Storm:
'Tis Love must sooth, and Secrecy reform:

From

Modesty: And in Compliment to them painted, over
their Doors, VENUS sitting upon a Snail, an Emblem
of the *Inseparability* between the House and the Mistress
of the House. The *Greeks* and *Romans* set themselves to
invent Names for married Women, which in *English*
would sound something like *House-keeper*. NAY, to gad
abroad was so odious in some Places, that a *Goer-forth*,
the Daughter of a Goer-forth, signified in the Language of
the *Chaldees*, the same as an *Harlot*, the Daughter of an
Harlot.

From Threats and Menaces will Passion rise,
Smooth are the Words, which make the Foolish wise.

If by ill Company he's led astray,
Retire and give their Noise and Riot way :
Far from the lawless *Bacchanals* remain.
'Till Solitude has sober'd him again.
Then some Suspicion, when apart, suggest,
And teach your Husband to distrust the rest ;
Employ all Agents (if you would succeed)
Or Hate, or cold Indifference to breed.
Do this ;——the lewd Association ends,
One Friendship marr'd him,——but the second mends.
A Youth perhaps he fell into the first,
Not out of Choice ;——for who wou'd chuse the worst ?
Mean while on each Occasion wisely find
Some proper Blandishment to sooth his Mind.
Still make your little ones the Joy of Life,
And be as fond a Mother, as a Wife.
Those Marks of Tenderness, your Children share,
Are shewn to him whose Progeny they are :
And few the Men so blind, or brutish born,
But know their Friends, and Love for Love return.

THE prudent Woman, who would wish to please,
Must ne'er forget such useful Rules as these.
Let no light Laughter Modesty disgrace,
Nor cloudy Sadness lour upon the Face.

10 **ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX,**

In some Amusement let each Day be spent,
 Nor worn with Care, nor Idly-indolent.
 Your House and Servants with Discretion use,
 Not too severe in Discipline, nor loose:
 From easy Lenity Contempt may spring,
 Those Subjects honour most, who dread their KING.
 Cautious receive a Stranger's first Advance,
 With modest Looks, and distant Complaisance:
 Your Air may change, when others recommend
 The unknown Person as a worthy Friend.

WITHIN your House no * ancient Lady take,
 'Tis strange to tell the Mischiefs, that they make:
 Some the lewd Itch for past Intrigues retain,
 And tempt the Young to practise them again;
 Hence the poor Harbourners with Grief have known
 Their Bed-defil'd, or Family undone.
 Nor e'er so near you as in Friendship place
 That idle dang'rous Thing a Prate-apace.

Such

* The Character of the old Women here mentioned, I believe, is scarce to be met with in *England*. They seem to have been such a Set, as, the *Duennas* in *Spain*: Persons, who, under the Notion of *Gouvernesses* to young Women, often assist them in their Intrigues, start an Amour, and take the Direction of it upon themselves. I do not know whether there be any Ladies in *Great-Britain*, who, after a Youth of gay Living, have in their Old Age Leisure enough from their Cards, to imitate this sort of People.

Such with their many Words much Ill impart,
Corrupt the Ear, and steal into the Heart.

WHAT Fondness Girls for Finery express ?

Oh ! 'tis a Torment not to talk of Drefs——

Some the rich Load of Golden Trappings wear,
Or in a Blaze of precious Stones appear.

The Wife will chuse a Decency of Drefs,
Not more than suits their Quality, nor less :

* Nor be like those, who all the Day would pass

To please their Pride, and idolize the Glass ;

Curl, and uncurl a Favourite in the Hair,

Or quarrel with a Patch and fix it——*There !*

Let

* The *Greek* is literally thus: *Do not admire your Beauty in the Glass, separating* (he means the Hair) *with your Hand, nor weave it too curiously in Braidings, nor black your Eyes under the Eye-lids.* As these Customs are some of them out of Use amongst us, I have made bold with such as are correspondent to them. The Custom of blacking the lower Eye-lids (which answers to that of the French Ladies colouring their Cheeks) was very much in use among the Eastern Nations, as hath been observed by Dr. *Hutchinson* in his Notes upon *Xenophon*: The same is meant of *Jezabel*, 2 *Kings*, ix. 30. What our Translators render, *She painted her Face* is by the *Septuagint* rendered more agreeably to the Original, *She coloured her Eyes with Black-Lead.* The Word (*δακρυον*) *Separating* is, in a Passage of *Plutarch*, cited in the above-mentioned Notes, expressly applied to the Hair. (*και νηπις δακρυον*.) This Custom is in some Measure preserved by the Curls, the Ladies wear upon their Foreheads. which (if I mistake not) are called *Favourites*.

12 **ADVICE** *to the* **FAIR-SEX.**

Let no false Colours on your Cheeks be spread,
Or faint *Cosmeticks* foil the native Red :
Nature is ever to the Fair a Friend,
Nor leaves her Workmanship for them to mend.

AN ! think, unwary Nymph, how ill you please .
A wise Man's Judgment by such Arts as these :
Who sees you still at each return of Day
Strive to reform your Tenement of Clay,
And laughs to meet the light Fantastick Dame
In various Shapes, another and the same.



A N

O D E of CONSOLATION

Upon the Loss of

M I N O R C A,

Humbly Addressed to His ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Duke of CUMBERLAND, &c.

I Decus, I, nostrum melioribus utere Fatis.

VIRG.

TO YOU, brave PRINCE, I *whilom* tun'd my Song,
 When o'er old * *Pictland's* bleak and steep Ascents,
 You fought the *Gallick* Foe, and *Rebel* Throng,
 Whose mingled Force portended great Events :
 Till your right-trusty, and well-temper'd Sword,
 Out-drawn by *Victory*, and by her upheld,
 As *Justice* gave the Death-dispensing Word,
 Mow'd the thick Harvest of the bloody Field,

C

Then !

* See Page 26. The *Eastern* Parts of what is vulgarly called *Scotland*, from *Fife* and *Lothian* to the farthest *Orkneys*, was the antient Kingdom of the *Picts*, whose Name and Memory the western *Scots* took all possible Methods to destroy ; notwithstanding the People in the East are still compos'd of the Descendents, of the *Picts*, mix'd with the old *English-Saxons*, and both shew their *German* Original by the Names of *Towns*, and Names of *Families*. See the *Author's Book* on the Importance of the Name of *England*, and his Dissertation concerning the *Picts*, in his History of the *English* Tongue.

Then!—each surviving *Felon* fled dismay'd,
And GALLIA's *Trophies* at your Feet were laid.

Nor now triumphant, but in Fear of Thrall
See thy lov'd *Country*, see BRITANNIA weep,
By *Treach'ry* humbled to th' insulting *Gaul*
By *Treach'ry*—now scarce MISTRESS of the DEEP:
Hard Terms and new! and never to be borne
While on the *English* Throne thy SIRE shall sit,
Shall HE and BRITAIN be expos'd to Scorn?
Who us'd on *Glory's* lofty Top to greet?
No! die the secret Authors of these Harms,
These *civil* Traitors, worse than those in Arms.

SUBJECT and PRINCE! our Lot, as *Subject*, feel,
Our publick Woe, our deep-imprinted Shame:
As PRINCE, uphold the sinking common Weal,
And vindicate thy *Royal* Father's Fame.
Apt once for Arms, and * *train'd* to martial Deeds
Ten thousand-thousand *English* on thee wait;
If chance thy habil *Wisdom* so succeeds
To drive these *Caitiffs* from the *Palace-Gate*,
To free our *Sovereign* from each *Carpet-Knight*,
And let his *People* for their *Parent* fight.

FOR

* The Author alludes to the *Trained-Bands*, or *Militia*, by the means of which *Alfred* the Great defended *England* against the *Danes*, and our later *Kings* conquered *France*.

FOR where a FONDNESS for corrupting Gold
The Heart of Man *ambitious* doth infect;
Each Trust is doubtful, and all *Duty* sold;
And those betray the *State* who should protect:
Whether from Foes they hope some better *Mood*,
For all the Deeds of Treason they can boast;
Or doom'd by Fate in Folly to exceed,
They look to save *themselves*, tho' ALL be lost;
Such *Moon-struck* Counsellors for ever bring
Toil on a LAND, and *Danger* to a KING.

SEE yon good LEADER, mark'd with Age and Scars,
Propping his feeble Footsteps with his Lance,
And wrapt in Thought, amidst the Din of Wars,
By *Moonlight*, tow'rds the gleaming Waves advance.
Why comes he? but some Succours to descry,
For sore his Castle by the Foe is prest:
Yet ah! in vain he rolls his haggard Eye,
His hopeless State is not to be redress'd;
He sighs indignant, and in Grief returns,
Tho' still his Thunders roar, and all the *Welkin* burns.

HARD Fate, that no such Efforts can avail,
Whole Armies of the Foe come pouring on:
If once again they should attempt to *scale*,
Not VICTORY alone; but ALL is gone.

His worn-out Soldiers now with Cause complain
 Of Blood mispent, and long-defrauded Hope :
 " By *England* not by Us, they cry amain
 " This Fort—this Work of Years—is yielded up."
 Their Leader heard them—*Sorrow* shook his Head,
 And Anguish *sunk* him, heart-sick, on his Bed.

HERE while he lay, as some record the Tale,
 In visionary Trance, or broken Sleep,
 There seem'd an *antique* Figure stern and pale
 To rise from Mists, that hover'd o'er the Deep ;
 " This Place, it said, so many Ages known,
 " And now the Monument of *Blakeney's* Fame,
 " I first explor'd ; the Title is my own :
 " For *Carthaginian* MAGO was my Name.
 " I come my Brother's Story to relate :
 " So like to *Hannibal's* is *Blakeney's* Fate.

" As now MINORCA *, *Bratium* once was lost :
 " For *Hanno's* Faction govern'd all at Home,
 " Averse to Wars they drew him from his Post,
 " And HANNIBAL by *Hanno* was o'ercome :
 " To this the Fall of CARTHAGE we may place.
 " Our *Tyrian* COLONIES were *Traders* all,

" In

* A Province of antient *Italy*, where in Defiance of the
Roman Arms, *Hannibal* supported himself for many Years.

" In WAR they purchas'd Aids ; then purchas'd Peace,
 " And thought the World would follow * Money's Call :
 " No native Troops, the while, their *Wealth* secur'd,
 " Nor longer than they paid, their † foreign Strength
 " endur'd.

" So when the Romans came, by *Action* bold,
 " How did our puny Shops and Streets resound ;
 " Just like the helpless Bleatings of the Fold,
 " When the *Getulian* Lion stalks around.
 " But better Fate attends your native Land,
 " Her ample Soil a numerous Race supplies ;
 " Sufficient both for *Traffick* and *Command*,
 " A Nation fam'd for † *earning* Victories.

C 3

" E'en

* Παρὰ Καρχηδονίαις ἔστιν ἀσχετὸν τῶν ἀντιόχων πρὸς Κλέους.

Polybius. Lib. 6. Pag. 497.

† This refers entirely to the *ungrateful* Conduct of the *Empress*, Queen of Hungary, and the *Czarina* : For though the disaffected Party in *England*, to shew at once their Malevolence and Ignorance, had almost appropriated that Name to our Allies from *Hanover*, at a Time too when they came to hazard their Lives in our Defence : Yet the Author is better informed from antient History, than to give so harsh a Title to a People, to whose Ancestors this Nation owes it's *Original*, as well as it's *Laws* and *Constitution*, and who are at this Day Subjects to the same Prince, and sustain on our Account the worst Malice of our worst Enemy ; an Argument, why we should consider them as our most natural and trusty Friends.

‡ Not *buying* them after the Manner of the *Carthaginians*,

"E'en now see WILLIAM waft his Levies o'er,

"And * *Normandy* submit to *France* no more.

"BRAVE VERNON Wonders shall again atchieve,

"This *Isle* regretted ne'er shall *France* obey,

"Your Glory sunk by *Byng* shall HAWKE retrieve;

"And friendly *CORSICA* the Loss repay."—

He spoke and plung'd into his antient *Berth*;

Hoarse Thunder shook the *Balearick* Shore,

The Turrets totter'd, and the rocking Earth

Gave each *French* Heart Presage of Woe in Store.

But *Blakeney* 'woke and smil'd, and assur'd that You,

Illustrious PRINCE, would make the Vision true.

xians, therefore I am sorry to find, that in some late Speeches, the *English* have been considered as a People fitted for *Trade* only. One would be glad to know how they came to degenerate so suddenly from their Forefathers. This Alteration can never be in the *Genius* of the People: It must rather proceed from the *Artifice* of some of the *pacifick* Managers.

* The *French* say, that the Children of *France* do not bear the Title of Dukes of *Normandy*.—"Parce qu'il auroit fallu leur faire une Appanage, et cette Province etant celle, qui rend le plus au Roi, et la plus voisine de L'Angleterre elle auroit ete une Occasion a son Prince de causer de Troubles dans le Royaume." One would think this Jealousy of theirs might give our People the Hint of treating with the *Normans*, in Times of War, especially as their *Parliaments* have lately been so roughly handled by the *French*. They might find their Account in attempting to alienate them from *France*, and supporting them as a separate and independent State. There is a sufficient Warrant for this, as that *Dutchy* is an *Appendage* of the Crown of *England*.



ADDRESSED TO
 The King's Majesty, and the Court,
 UPON THE
 MARRIAGE
 Of Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
 The Princess of ORANGE,
 And intended for the *Oxford* Collection of Verses
 printed on that Occasion.

WHEN *Justice*, and when *Prudence* guard the Throne,
 When all the KINGLY *Virtues* meet in one;
 When *Mercy* tells from whence their Pow'r is giv'n,
 And Monarchs rule like Delegates of Heav'n:
 Then their loud Praises happy Subjects bring,
 And own a *Father*; him they hail a KING;
 Then each will strive his Gratitude to prove,
 Each give some Pledge, and Token of his Love.
 The *Merchant* brings the Treasures of the Main,
 His *Fruits* the *Husbandman*, his *Lamb* the *Swain*,
 And pleas'd their Tribute at his Feet to lay,
 They kiss the Scepter and with Joy obey.

WE too (to whom thy Favour has consign'd
 Far other *Arts*, the *Labours* of the *Mind*)

To

To thee our *Athens* her best Gifts affords,
 Her warmest Sentiments, her choicest Words.
 Let *Cæsar* deign our Off'ring to receive,
 To thee, dread Sov'reign, what we have, we give.
 To thee our Youth begin the Song of Praise,
 And all our *Muses* all their Voices raise.
 Tho' fond the Thought, thy Glory to augment,
 Virtue like thine is with itself content,
 Above Encomiums to set it forth ;
 It shines most perfect in it's native Worth.
 This one plain Truth exceeds the highest Strain,
 Here *George* and *Justice*, *Wisdom*, *Mercy* reign.

O *Fred'rick*, when thy Sire resigns his Throne,
 May these his Arts of Empire be thy own,
 May'st thou, like him, contending Nations hear,
 Judge the *World's* Cause, and order PEACE, or WAR.
 Already *Britain* views thy gen'rous Mind,
 Thy Pity to the Woes of human Kind.
 Who sit in Misery thy *Goodness* feel,
 The sighing wretched of thy *Bounty* tell :
 'Tis the same Spirit, that is good, and brave,
 Who helps a *Subject*, will a *Kingdom* save.

AND thou, bright Nymph, whom *Fred'rick's* Fates ap-
 prove
 For Partner of his *Empire* and his *Love* ;

When

On the Marriage of the Princess of ORANGE. 23

When Time on Thee shall fix th' Imperial Crown,
And *these* great Kingdoms thy Protection own ;
When a young Troop of future Kings demand
Thy watchful Eye, and educating Hand,
Remember her Example, who so late
Made Kingdoms *happy*, and their Princes *great*.
Her Conduct sage review, and yet review,
And let all *Caroline* revive in you.

THREE happy *Queen*, in equal Wedlock join'd,
The chief of Men, and chief of Womankind.
Heav'n sought thee, *Caroline*, the good, the great,
The Wife, the Parent, and the Queen compleat,
Heav'n sought thee, *Caroline*, and bid thy Love
A common Good, the World's great Blessing prove :
Bid from thy sweet Embrace bright *Anna* rise,
Bid *Orange* come and snatch the lovely Prize.
Orange ! a Name with Joy remember'd * here,
For ever honour'd, and for ever dear.
As wise and good may some brave Prince be led
A blooming Consort to *Amelia's* Bed :
And such (when best-disposing Heav'n shall give)
May all *Britannia's* Princesses receive.
O had kind Fate but shewn them to my View,
My ending Song should here break forth anew :

And

* The Prince Stadtholder did the University of *Oxford* the Honour of a Visit, and received from them a Doctor of Laws Degree.

And pleas'd, thro' all the *Royal* Line I'd trace,
 Th' Illustrious Authors of the noble Race.
 The Marks of Majesty—the winning Air—
 And Mother's Wisdom in the Daughters fair.
 The martial *Genius* of the younger Son,
 Fond of the Lawrels, which his Sire has won ;
 And prompt, like him, his Bosom to oppose,
 To Foes of *Liberty*, and *Britain's* Foes.

NOR you, great Statesmen, would the Friendly Muse
 The useful Tribute of her Heart refuse ;
 There is a *Pow'r*, whose universal Sway,
 Star above Star unnumber'd Worlds obey,
 Whose Hands direct the wand'ring Globe aright,
 Now give it Darkness, and now give it Light,
 Who sees what Projects distant Realms devise,
 And oft confounds the Wisdom of the Wise :
 Or (where their Labours to his Glory tend)
 Leads remote Counsels to their destin'd End :
 By him direct your Aims ; his Will your Guide—
 No *Force* can shake you, and no *Strife* divide.



EXTRACT from the *General Advertiser* of
Friday, February 7, 1745-6.

To the AUTHOR of the *General Advertiser*.

SIR,

The following Copy of Verses was sent to a * LADY,
with a loyal Sermon preached before the University of
Oxford, on the 5th of November, by the Rev. Dr.
FREE. They are written with so much Zeal for the
Government, and the Cause of Liberty, that I hope
they will afford some Entertainment to your Readers.

WHILE for his Country's Weal your † gallant Lord
Mounts the fierce Steed, and draws his glitt'ring
Sword;

If, at a lonely Hour, your pensive Eye
Glance thoughtful round, and see this Treatise lie,
Deign to peruse what *English* Sages write
In the same Cause that *English* Heroes fight.—
—The Cause of LIBERTY!—as Ages since
She blest alike *Peasant* and the *Prince*:
Ere *Tyrants* rag'd, or *Factions* took her Name
To cover Fraud, or sanctify their Shame:—
Ere *Superstition* cramp'd the human Mind
In *Racks* or *Chains*, and led our *Reason* blind.

Ere

* The Countess of B——.

† This noble EARL, during the *Rebellion*, raised a *Regiment* for his MAJESTY'S Service.

O GLORIOUS Times! O blest Simplicity!
 How Manners still and Principles agree!
 When the great * *Patriarch*, with a Father's Hand,
 To warlike Feats his willing Subjects train'd,
 Their Cause was *Liberty*:—Their *Kin* distress'd,
 They crush'd the growing *Tyrant* of the *East*.
 With Joy the Neighbour-Kings beheld his Fall;
 The Cause of *Freedom* was the Cause of ALL.
 One 'midst the rest, whose Fame must never cease,
 (His Name was *Righteousness*, his Country's *Peace*)
 The great *Melchisedeck* the Victor meets.
 And with a *sacerdotal* Blessing greets.

SEE! the bright Paths in which the Ancients trod,
 The Kings were Priests, for Priests were Priests of God.
 No Image-Servants; to no Stocks they bow'd,
 Nor taught Delusions to th' adoring Crowd.
 Free from these Frauds, lo! *Abram's* Soldiers dine,
 The KING produc'd no venal *Bread* and *Wine*,
 Nor said the *Moss*—yet still his Blessing giv'n
 Was deem'd the Blessing of the God of Heav'n.
 Content with this, the grateful Warriors Part;
 For *Abram's* Soldiers bore a gen'rous Heart.
 Pleas'd with the Cause of God and Liberty,
 For plunder'd Wealth they let their Comrades vie.

THUS,

* *Abram*, see his History, *Gen.* xiv. from Ver. 14. to the End.

THUS, where his Troops our Hero WILLIAM led,
 The *brutal* * Sons of *lawless Rapine* fled.
 If aught our *foreign Aids*, perchance, purloin'd,
 The *English* Soldier bore a better Mind:
 Their *Chief* and *they* one glorious End pursu'd,
 The public *Safety* and the public *Good*.

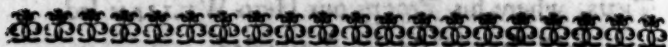
O! may our SOVEREIGN teach these rugged Climes
 To prize the Wisdom of those happy Times,
 When *Subjects* ne'er a righteous *Prince* withstood,
 And *Monarchs* thought the Cause of FREEDOM good.
 By WILLIAM'S Arm may War and Faction cease;
 And still a BRUNSWICK be our *King of Peace*.

AND you bright Nymph, as oft in Converse near
 You entertain *Augusta's* Royal Ear,
 If chance she ask, " Who in her Father's Cause,
 " Lights of the *Church*, or Guardians of our *Laws*,
 " Or plumed *Chiefs*, or *Soldiers* firm in Fight,
 " Stood forth with *Words*, or *Arms* to do him right?"
 O! not for me—but for my Country tell,
 There are on *Isis* † Banks, who think so well,
 Who know his Merits, feel, with grateful Hearts,
 The Blessings, that his gentle Reign imparts;
 And with the *Streams*, which from this FOUNTAIN † flow,
 May propagate *Affection* as they go;
 And in their peaceful *Channels* ever bring
 HEALTH to the *Land*, and HONOUR to the *King*.

D

A N

* The *Highlanders*. † The River at *Oxford*. ‡ The
 University.



A N
I M I T A T I O N,
O F

H O R A C E, Book IV. Ode V.

Humbly inscribed to his Royal Highness the DUKE
of CUMBERLAND, upon his Defeat of the REBEL
ARMY in *Scotland*.

BY Heaven's Decree for *Britain's* Safety born,
Young, gen'rous GUARDIAN of the Church and
State,

Victorious to our Wishes, now return ;
Return, and make our Happiness compleat.

You broke the Clouds, that gather'd o'er our Heads,
As Spring dispels the Winter of the Year ;

DIVIS orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu :
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.

LUCEM redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ :
Jæstar veris enim vultus ubi tuus

Your

Your Presence universal Gladness spreads,
 -And gives the Day to please, the Sun to cheer.

As the fond Mother for her darling Son,
 Whose vent'rous Youth have driven him to Sea,
 If chance a Year, or so, he hath been gone,
 Or to *Cape Breton*, or to *Coast and Bay*:

CAN never rest, and ceases ne'er to pray,
 With Eyes still fixt upon the winding Strand,
 And hopes, and fears,—yet thinks he'll come that Way—
 Such, *William*, is the Fondness of this Land.—

D 2

FONDNESS.

Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
 Et soles melius nitent,

Ur mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 Dulci distinet à domo,

VOTIS, ominibusque & precibus vocat,
 Curvo nec faciem littore dimovet:
 Sic desiderijs ista fidelibus
 Querit patria Cæsarem.

FONDNESS you well deserve—for now the Steer
 Wanders secure about the Farmer's Ground,
 Who reckons on the Harvest of the Year,
 Nor fears the Hostile Ships to *Scotland* bound.

Now shall *good Faith*, and CREDIT rear her Head ;
 For all the Blessings Providence hath given,
 An universal Reformation spread :
 And *English* Reprobates look up to Heaven.

WHAT tho' upon the neighb'ring Continent,
France pour her num'rous Armies once again,

Who

TUTUS bos etenim rura perambulat :
 Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas :
 Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ :
 Culparj metuit fides.

NULLIS polluitur casta domus stupris :
 Mos, & lex maculosum edomuit nefas :
 Laudantur simili prole puerperæ :
 Culpam pœna premit comes.

QUIS Parthum paveat ? Quis gelidum Scythen &
 Quis Germania quos horrida parturit

Who is there now, that's fearful for th' Event,
Or thinks at all about the War with Spain?

EACH Man in Peace possessing Hill or Dale,
Now forms his Arbor, and now prunes his Trees,
At Dinner of the Rebels tells his Tale,
And thanks DUKE WILLIAM with an Heart at ease.

THEN cries *God bless him!* and his Bumper crown'd
To King, and Prince, and Duke, he sends about:
So the brown Bowls, our Fathers drank, went round,
When *Edward*, and when *Harry* marched out.

D 3

Go

Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? Quis feræ
Bellum curet Iberiæ?

CONDIT quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores.
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum.

TE multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris; & Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris
Et magni memor Herculis.

Go on, BRAVE DUKE, new Triumphs to procure,
 Great as from * *Creffy* and from † *Agincour'*,
 So prays thro' *Britain* ev'ry HONEST Fellow,
 At Morn when sober, and at Night when mellow.

Oxford, April, 28, 1746.

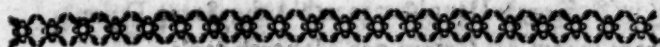
LONGAS ô utinam, Dux bone, ferias.
 Præstes Hesperia, dicimus integro
 Sicci mane die: dicimus uvidi.
 Cùm Sol Oceano subest.

* *Creffy* is famous for a Victory obtained over the
French by *Edward* the Black Prince.

† *Agincourt*, for another obtained by *Henry V.*



UPON



UPON THE
Extinction of the late REBELLION.

Containing a Word of Advice to the Vulgar English Jacobites, who are apt to look upon his Majesty's Family as Strangers, and think, that their sole Alliance to the British Crown, was by the Marriage of the King of Bohemia with a Daughter of King James I.

THE Din of War is o'er—One blest Event
Hath clos'd the Winter of our Discontent.
Next Heav'n, to Thee, illustrious * Prince, we owe
Peace from the foreign and domestick Roe;
That *France* despairs of Monarchies to come,
And beggar'd calls her ragged Armies home,
That moody *Faction* and her Sons are still,
And all may now live happy, if they will.

Britons, enjoy the Calm—your Follies past,
Repent, and let this Tumult be the last.
Ye poor unhappy few, since now you find
Yourself deluded and your Leaders blind,
For unsound Politicks no longer seek
'Mongst the *French* Slaves, who scribble by the Week;
But read some *English* History, and learn
What e'en your *Children* to your Shame discern:

How

* The DUKE.

How * *Henry's* Daughter match'd the *Saxon* Duke,
 From whom his Origin our Monarch took,
 If such your Error, that no Prince you'll love,
 But who his high Antiquity can prove ::
 From *England's* Kings and *Scotland's* there you see
 Unfully'd come his glorious Ancestry,
 Kin to each † *British* Crown before the War,
 Which Title gave to *York* or *Lancaster*.
 Before the *Scotch* ‡ King's *Steward* had the Face,
 To fix a Crown upon his Bastard-Race;
 Or *Richmond's* || Earl in Craft descended down,
 To mix their doubtful Issue with his own.
 That the *Scotch* SAXONS and their whole Domain,
 A Fief of *England* might revert agen,
 (As from the *Heptarchy* was melted down,
 Each lesser Coronet to form the CROWN;) HON 328
 In *GEORGE* we see the *Saxon* Line restor'd,
 And happy *England* knows her *English* Lord ;:
Scotland in him may Royal *Malcolm* trace
 His Line descending without Issue base : HON 329
 And *Ireland* rais'd by *English* § LAWS and MEN,
 Rejoice to see *Plantagenet* again.

ON

* *Henry* II. that great *English* King in whose Time
Ireland was reduced by Arms and planted with *English*.

† See the Note in *Stigand* concerning the Race of
Plantagenet.

‡ *Rob.* II. || *Henry* VII.

§ The Constitution of *Ireland* is entirely *English*, as are
 by Extraction the most considerable Part of its Inhabi-
 tants, and most, if not all, the Nobility.

ON THE
STATE of the NATION,

In 1747 and 1748.

To the Countess of * * * *

FAIR ONE, whose Fortune to your Presence brings,
From Cares of State, the best of *English* Kings;
If such Regard your *Royal* Master find,
As fits his Bounty and your gentle Mind,
Be not offended at an honest Zeal
That burns for him; and for the common Weal;
And wishes your Fidelity wou'd show,
What, tho' important, he may never know:
Whilst a base Faction all their Arts unite
To keep the fatal Secret from his Sight:
Fatal to him and his, if long conceal'd:
Fatal to Traitors, if it be reveal'd. —
Then speak it, — let thy Tongue convey
What twice ten Thousand of his Friends wou'd say:
How his worst Foes his Benefits devour;
And to oppress his Subjects use his Pow'r.
For *Disaffection* share their Prince's Grace:
And take his *Bounty* to expel his *Race*.
While those, who for the Cause of Freedom stood,
Prepar'd to spend their Treasure, and their Blood,

Must

Must pine aloof, neglected and alone,
 The *conqu'ring* PARTY and by that *UNDONE* !
 Sad *Recompence* for *Duty* and for *Love* !
 To see the *REBEL*-rout superior move,—
 Fill all the Country with their rude * *Alarms*—
 And dare our *Loyal* Troops again to Arms.
 Whence this *Presumption* ? but because they know
 Friends are in *Pow'r*, who still retard the *Blow* ;
 Who counter-work the End of *WILLIAM's* Arms
 Spread *Fear* in *Conquest*, and in *Peace* *Alarms* ;
 Protect the *Emissaries* sent from *Rome*,
 And teach them when to go, and when to come.—
 Genius of *BRUNSWICK* and of *BRITAIN* ! rise,
 Nor let thy *Foes* thy *Lenity* despise :
 Be *Royal* *GEORGE* alone our *Sov'reign* Lord,
 Be *Pow'r* and *Majesty* to him restor'd :
 No trait'rous *Subjects* stand the *King* between,
 But uneclipsed let his *Form* be seen ;
 Good as the genial *Sun*, whose chearful *Ray*
 Drives the chill *Vapours* from the *Face* of *Day* :
 So at his *Look*, if *Faction* once remove,
 The *KING's* true *Liege-men* all may feel his *Love*
 Be taught by *Gratitude*, by *Reason* taught
 To fight for him, for whom they lately fought :

Nor

* Disturbances about this Time at *Litchfield* and *Burton*, where a Bull is said to have been dressed in *Orange-coloured* Ribbands, and baited by Dogs in Ribbands of *Plaid*.

Nor Weep the *sad* and *unexpected* Lot
Of Services *unknown* or *else forgot*.
While thro' the fatal Influence of some
The *Pow'r* of Britain does the *Work* of Rome,
Lifts the KING's Foes, to rob him of his Crown;
And sinks his *faithful* *loving* Subjects down.



STIGAND:

STIGAND;
OR, THE
ANTIGALLICAN.
A POEM,
In MILTONIC VERSE.

——— *Ut cunque ferant ea facta Minores,*
Vincet amor patriæ. ——— VIRGIL Lib. vi.

UNTINSEL'D be this Verse, nor tagg'd with Rhime,
Which trims the very * Comedies of France.
In *English* Numbers free, and unconfin'd,
Like those, which *English* MILTON erst admir'd,
Let me pour forth my Soul uncheck'd, and give,
Unbounded, my Affection to the Friends
Of *English* Liberty, those Noble Souls!
Who wisely for our jarring Britons found
The Name of UNION, *Antigallican*.

FOES to *ourselves*, too long to *Faction* FRIENDS,
We had forgot the NAME, which suits us all.
Thus Neighbours to a Land, which aims at Pow'r
With *British* Freedom incompatible.

Insidious

* The *French* Comedies are often in Rhime.

With mischievous Intent this happy Isle,
 Scatt'ring Dissension, and dividing those,
 Whom *Nature, Blood, or Birth-place* have made ONE:
 Or watching some unguarded Place, or Time,
 Makes a Descent unlook'd for, so to take
 Her ablest, yet her most *unbinking* Foe.
 Unhappy * *Harold*, once an ENGLISH King,
 Renown'd in Arms, you struggled in the Snare,
 When the intruding *Norman* reft your Crown,
 Laid by the Chance of War untimely low,
 And with it, for a Time, our Liberty.
 Yet in our prostrate and divided State,
 When vulgar Minds are prone to Servitude,
 To save from total Ruin and Revolt

E

There

* HAROLD, the second of that Name, and Thirty-eight Monarch of *English Men*, Son of Earl *Goodwin*; a Person of excellent Parts, and approved Valour, say our Historians. He had just defeated, totally, in the North of *England*, a great Army from *Norway*, and slain both their King and his Brother, who, according to *Crantzius*, were in a Plot with the Duke of *Normandy*, to favour his Descent. *English* HAROLD thinking, after this great Victory, that all Danger was over from Foreigners, had begun to disband his Army, when, hearing that the *Normans* were arrived in the *South*, he hasted, all *weary* and *bloody*, saith the Historian, (*for that it seemeth to have been but seven Days after the aforesaid Battle*) to encounter Duke *William* and the *Normans* from *France*, when meeting them near *Hastings*, in *Suffex*, his weary Troops were, after long fighting, by a Stratagem, put into Disorder, himself shot by an Arrow in the Eye.

There rose up one (in Form, perhaps, and Speech
 And Resolution not unlike to him,
 Who lately train'd the Sons of * *Eofer-awick*,
 When their fleet Coursers bore them to the North
 Against the Foes of *Britain*, both in Worth
 Alike, tho' yet in Time, more ancient One)
Stigand, the first of ANTIGALLICANS,
 Begirt with Men of *Kent* and moving Woods,
 Surrounds the *Bastard-Duke*; whose Fright but ill
 Accorded with the Name of *Conqueror*,
 A Title which the *Traitor-English* gave :
 But *Stigand* other Terms and Titles us'd.
 For now the venerable Sage approach'd
 Before him (Emblem still of LIBERTY.)
 High on his Banner leap'd the *Kentish* † Horse.

“ STOP,

* *Eofer-awick*, or *Euor-awick*, the ancient *English* Name of *York*. In the Time of the late Rebellion, his present GRACE of *Canterbury* (Dr. *Herring*, since dead) filled that See, and was therein one principal Instrument of saving his Country, being the first *Associator*, and conducting, by his Presence, the Force and Counsels of the great, loyal, and opulent Province of *Yorkshire*; the Gentlemen whereof formed themselves into a gallant Body of Horse, under the Name of the *Yorkshire-Hunters*. His Grace for his singular Love to his Country, is here compared with *Stigand*, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who saved the Men of *Kent* from the Usurpation and Oppressions of the Duke of *Normandy*.

† The Arms of *KENT* are the *White-Horse* salient in a red Field, which they had from *HENOIST*, who first brought over the *English* from *Lower Saxony*, and erected the Kingdom of *Kent* about the Year 454.

"STOP, *Frenchman*, since from *Gallia's* Shore you come,
 "That be your Title," said the mitred Chief;
 "You tread on *English* Ground, the *Horse* you see,
 "Here on our Banner, shews from whence we came
 "Hither with *English* HENGIST from the *Elbe*;
 "He swam the *Ocean*, gain'd the *British* Shore
 "To graze the Meads of *Thames*, and drink his Flood,
 "And chace the *Roman* Eagle from these Plains:
 "He will have Liberty; if Peace you choose,
 "Accord, on equal Terms, with *Him* and *His*.
 "Our *German* Laws, and ancient Usages,
 "Our *Gavel-Kind*, to give as we see fit,
 "Our Independence, which to signify,
 "We'll don our Bonnets, when we see your Face,
 "Are Terms, perhaps, on which we may be Friends:
 "But you as *Victor* we shall never own.
 "Full *seven* Kingdoms did our Ancestors
 "Erect in *Britain*, *English-Saxon* all:
 "• *Kent* was the first, and, for the *English* Name,
 "It shall the last be conquered; think not then
 "Your † *Norman* Troop (tho' swell'd with *Flandrian* Aids)

E 2

"Shall

* In the ancient *English* Wars, the Men of *Kent* had
 always the Honour of the Van, on Account of their be-
 ing the first *English* Kingdom. It was so at the Fight of
Hastings, or *Battle-Field*, the *Middlesex* Men and the *Lon-*
doners were in the same Squadron, and were led on by
 King *Harold* and his Brother.

† The *Normans* were too inconsiderable in Number
 ever

" Shall e'er prevail o'er us, to whom *French Laws*,
 " And your *French Language* are contemptible :
 " Give these the *Traitor-Engliff*, who, nurs'd up
 " In the false * *Edward's* rotten-hearted Court,
 " Have learn'd, like him, to sell their native Land ;
 " And, with their own Hands, help to fix a Yoak
 " You never could have fix'd. For one brave Man,
 " The Abbot † *Fred'rick* of *St. Alban's* stop'd
 " The full Career of this your boasted Host.

" Dread,

ever to have effected a Conquest. The Body of *William's* Army were the Subjects of *Baldwin*, Earl of *Flanders*, and the *Emperor*, and of his principal Men the *Normans* made but few. Among those in *Doomsday Book*, there is scarce a Name that is properly called *French* : And supposing the Catalogue at *Battail-Abbey* to be true, which (however says *Camden*) whosoever considereth will find always to be forged, and those Names to be inserted, which the Time in every Age favoured, and were never mentioned in that notable Record ; yet, I say, supposing it to be true, it contained in the Time of *Verstegan* the Names of no more than three or four hundred Gentlemen, of which, by Observation on their Surnames, he concludes scarce a quarter of them to be remaining in his Time.

* The Confessor.

† The Duke of *Normandy* wondering, and enraged at the Conduct of the Abbot, sent for him, under Assurance of safe return, and demanding the Cause, why his Woods were so cut down, *Frederick*, who was nobly descended of the *Saxons*, as well as from *Canute the Dane*, answered, *I have done the Duty both of my Birth and Profession, and if others of my Rank had done the like, as they well might, and ought, it had not been in thy Power to have pierced the Land thus far.* Speed, p. 426.

" Dread, then, your Fate, if *England* should unite,
 " And all our valiant Brethren of the North
 " Return and join us : For, thro' Hate of you,
 " They seek the very Lands, *ABBISSA* erst,
 " And *Englisch* *OCTA*, conquer'd from the *Picts*,
 " Re-peopling old *Northumbria*, lately call'd
 " The *Scotish Lowlands*, from the neighbouring *Scots* :
 " Whose * *KING* they make their own and swell his
 pow'r ;
 " Since *Edgar Etheling* he hath entertain'd,
 " And means to wed his Sister. From that Clime
 " What Storms may rise to shake your feeble Root ?
 " Tho', without Wars, your Issue shall decay,
 " While theirs shall thrive, and join *Plantagenet*.
 " I see † *Matilda* go a beauteous Bride.

E 3

" For

* The Body of the *Englisch* Nation being enraged at the Capitulations in the South, and the *Norman's* Reception at Court, moved Northward, and settled in great Numbers among their Countrymen in the *Lowlands of Scotland*, which, being a Part of the old *Englisch Kingdom of Northumberland*, had been much inhabited by the *Englisch*, from the Time of the Expedition, which *Otha* and *Abbyssa*, under the Direction of *Hengist*, had carried on against the *Picts*. (Concerning this, see the Author's Essay on the *Englisch* Tongue, in the Dissertation on the *Picts*.) *Malcolm Kenmaur*, King of *Scotland*, gave the *Englisch* the kindest Reception : According to *Buchanan*, he assigned them Lands, and, with a View of making this Kingdom for ever one, he espoused the Sister of *Edgar Etheling* ; who, if he had been possessed of *Harold's* martial Spirit, should, and might have been, the *Englisch* King.

† This alludes to his present *MAJESTY's* high Relation

“ For *Saxon* Princes, from whose Stem shall rise

“ One, from whose *Arms* our *Herse* shall ne’er depart,

“ Tho’ he admit, in the same *Blazonry*,

“ The

tion to the Crowns of *England* and *Scotland*, by the *Plantagenets*, independent of the Marriage of his Ancestors, with the exiled Family.

The more ancient Pedigree runs thus; *Matilda*, or *Maud the Good*, was the eldest Daughter of *Margaret* of *England*, Queen of the *Scots*, and her Husband *Malcolm Kenmaur*, King of *Scotland*. In their Children centred all the Rights of the *Saxon* Kings of *England*. From *Maud the Good*, came *Maud the Empress*, who was married to *Geofferey Plantagenet* Earl of *Anjou*, by whom she had *Henry II.* King of *England*, whose eldest Daughter, another *Maud*, was married to *Henry the Lion*, the famous Duke of *Saxony*, whose Son *William* of *Winchester*, was Progenitor of the Dukes of *Brunswick*, and bare for his Arms the Coat of *England* with the two Lions, as King *Henry* his Grandfather bare. This Princess died in the first Year of the Reign of her Brother King *Richard I.* and was buried by her Husband the Duke of *Saxony*, in the Church of *St. Blase*, at *Brunswick*, in the Year 1199, that is 171 Years before the *English* Family of the *Stewards* had Alliance with the Crown of *Scotland* by *Robert II.* whose Bastard Son *John* was, by the Authority of Parliament of *Scotland* met at *Scone*, made his Successor, to the Disadvantage of his legitimate Children, by Style and Title of *Robert the Third*. Thus begins the Right of the *Steward Family*, so called from bearing the Office of *Steward* to the King of *Scotland*. So that one Family rose only from the Servants of the Kings of *Scotland*; the other from their Children, which Children were, likewise, the only Heirs by Succession to the Crown of *England*; and for the Right the few *Norman* Kings had by the Sword, they gave it back to his MAJESTY’S Ancestors by the Marriage of *Henry I.* with *Maud the Good*. From such an Origin came the Race of *Plantagenets*.

" The *Lions*. In his Time the *Maine* shall view
 " This *white Horse*, curvet in a bloody Field,
 " And frighted * *Gallia* fly at his Approach.
 " Our Laws shall then in native *English* be,
 " And the base Language, you would now obtrude,
 " Both in our Courts and Schools, to be the *Sign*
 " Of our *Subjection*, shall be so worn out.
 " Ages § before, as never to be heard,
 " Within our *English* Walls, but in the Mouths
 " Of *Foreigners*, or such, whose Rank bespeaks.
 " Want of ingenuous Freedom, such, perhaps,
 " As jabbering *Governess*, or powder'd Slave,
 " Who brings the *English* Gentleman his Shirt..

" For then, my *Sons*, my *ANTIGALLICANS*,
 " Remembering the Disgrace this *Era* stamps
 " Upon the *English* Name, shall so resent.
 " The Meanness of their Fathers, e'er to take
 " Pride to themselves, for being on *your* Part;
 " Borrowing † *your* Names, and aping your *French* Mode,
 As

* The *French* retreated over the River *Maine* after the Defeat at *Dettingen*.

§ *Edward* the III. commanded, that *French* should be disused in the Courts of Justice, and the Pleadings made in *English*.

† Mr. *Cambden* says, that the *English* did not even use their own Names as *Surnames*, till about the Times of the Conquest, or else a little before, under King *Edward* the Confessor, who was all *Frenchified*. And to this Time do.

- " As to disclaim all Kindred with such Slaves ;
 " And Commerce with *French* Ground : Their very Babes
 " Shall, from their Infancy, be taught to hate
 " *French* * Trappings, as the Badge of *Slavery*,
 " And tear them, with their little Hands, away.
 " But, before this, some hundred Years before,
 " The airy Castle, which your Hopes erect,
 " Shall tumble with your short-liv'd Progeny——
 " Three Kings succeed, and then the *Norman* Pow'r
 " Must end, for ever, in the *Saxon* Line."

Rapt into future Times, while thus the Sage
 Pursu'd th' ungrateful Theme, the Bastard Duke
 Grew pale. In thick Array, the Men of *Kent*,
 Approach'd for Combat, to be free, or die :
 The *Norman* saw the Danger, and rejoin'd.

- " *Stigand*, said he, and you brave Men of *Kent*,
 " You have your Will ; I claim no Conquest here.
 " That I am come, thank * *Edward's* Artifice :

" He

do the *Scotish* Men also refer the Antiquity of their Surnames. *Cambden's Remains*, p. 136. It seemed, says *Verstegan*, almost a Reproach to be called an *Englishman*, insomuch that it made some of the light-conceited of the *English* to seek to better their Esteem, by imitating the *Normans* both in Language and Dress, which, among the graver Sort, bred the Proverb, " *That Jack would be a Gentleman, if he could speak French.*"

* The *Antigallicans* disclaim the Use all *French* Commodities, both on their own Part, and on the Part of their Families.

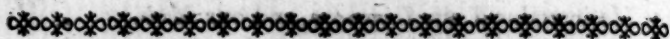
* The Confessor.

" He introduc'd our *Language*, and our *Mode*,
 " And made his Court all *Frenchmen* ; by their Arts,
 " He form'd our *latent* Interest, and lur'd
 " The Fools of *England* to imbibe the Fraud,
 " Blame me not, then, if where I find *French Hearts*
 " Throughout the Isle, I put *French Fetters* on :
 " But here I stop. For gleaming round I see
 " The Battle-Ax, and heavy † *Saxon Sword*.
 " Out drawn by Hands, quite *Antigallican*,
 " Useless, in such a Case, the *Norman Bow*,
 " And *Norman Heart* so with the *English* match'd ;
 " Therefore with Reason I retire, and leave,
 " Unhurt, for ever, as your glorious Name,
 " Your Lands, Possessions, Liberties, and Laws."

† The SEAX, which our Ancestors used in Battle, and from which the *English*, it is thought, were called SAXONS, was a Sword of a large Size. The Form of it is nearly retained in that, which is still in Use among the Hussars in *Germany* : It was somewhat crooked, and very heavy. In the Time of the *seven English Kingdoms*, *East-Anglia*, or the Kingdom of *East-Saxons*, bore three of these Swords for their Coat of Arms.



Extempore



*Extempore VERSES upon seeing Archbishop Chicheley's
Picture put into several ridiculous Postures, and at
length beat down from it's Place by the Motion of the
Back of a Fidler, who was playing at a Concert in a
College-Hall in Oxford, just before the Battle of
Culloden.*

WHEN *Hal* of LANCASTER began
To talk of conqu'ring *France*,
Archbishop *Chicheley* was the Man,
Who bid the King advance.

Ah! why as nodding to his Fall,
Does *Chicheley* hang his Head,
And droop within the very Hall,
Where he was taught and fed?

SAD Omen! but avert it Heav'n:—
For all of *Chicheley's* Race,
Shou'd a *French* King to us be giv'n,
Wou'd think it a—*Disgrace*.

COURAGE! great Shade, in * *York* we view,
What you were heretofore,
And *Bill PLANTAGENET* will do—
As much as *Hal*, or more.

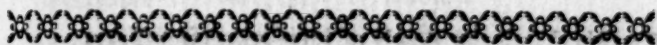
THIS

* *Dr. Herring*, then Archbishop of *York*.

THIS *Lion-whelp* will fore affright
 The *Cold-spur* of the *North*,
 And send him back but ill bedight
 To those, who sent him forth.

PALE *Loui* trembles for his Friend,
 And thinks, when *Perkin* falls,
Billy to *France* will hie—to end
 His Play of † *Tennis* Balls.

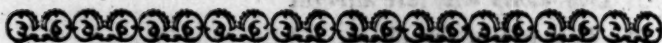
* Alluding to the Story in *Shakespear*, of the *French* sending in Derision a Tun of Tennis-Balls to HENRY V.



Written in the Lid of a Book of Mock-Sermons, the Work of an Enthusiast, which lay in the Window of a Country-Inn, and had been diligently dispersed in a Village in Berkshire, about the Year 1744.

UNHAPPY *England*, whose strange Destiny,
 Works out thy Fall by *too much Liberty* !
 From Sons degen'rate thou receiv'st thy Fate,
 Which Fools repenting will perceive too late :
 How is *Religion* by our *Schisms* rent ?
 And how the *State*, by home-bred Discontent ?
 In Times like these, this vile *Fanatick* shines
 In *Patchwork* borrow'd from our true Divines ;
 And to disguise the Theft th' Impostor rails
 At the great Fathers, from whose Works he steals :
 Sad Policy ! to trust the *Vulgar's* Ear,
 With each new *Mountebank*, that shall appear.

THE



T H E
C O N C E R T,
A S A T I R E.

Occasioned by an Uproar, which happened in Christ Church-Hall in Oxford, during the Time of the Musick-Meeting, March 22, 1728-9.

BEHOLD the Pow'r of long-revolving Years :
How chang'd from *Christ-Church* Christ-Church self
appears !

Here on the Spot, where * *Aldrich* kept the Field ;
Where *Locke* compel'd unwilling *Fell* to yield ;
And all the jarring Disputants were found :
The soft Flute warbles, and the Viols found.
Hail happy Place the *Muse's* fam'd Retreat !
Nor less the *Grace's* than the *Muse's* Seat :
Witness the Nymphs, which to thy Hall repair,
Such Love for Men or Musick have the Fair.
Reluctant *Muse*, what Secret Cause invites,
The grave Divine to join in *Cupid's* Rites ?
What B C mov'd unnat'ral Arms to bear,
And spurn the Gown he once was proud to wear ?

RELIGION'S

* Three famous *Logicians*.

RELIGION'S Sons of whose all-Heav'nly Days,
 Pray'r was the *Business*, and the Pleasure Praise;
 Who all the *Lent* on slender Diet fed,
 Nor drank Rack-Punch, nor e'er went late to Bed;
 Had long enjoy'd an Holy calm Repose,
 Till late conven'd a restless Doubt arose.

"IN vain we boast, Religious (A B) cry'd,
 "Our Christian Strength the Tempter's Force untty'd.
 "What Charms of Beauty, what Allurements come
 "Within the *Convent's* solitary Gloom?
 "Attempt the daring Enterprize I show,
 "And each his Weakness or his Strength shall know.
 "Let needy * *Wareing* from each Post and Wall
 "His brainless Patrons to a *Concert* call;
 "There the Vain World in all it's Pomp appears,
 "And ev'ry Object some Delusion wears.
 "There moving Sounds with Beauty's Charms conspire,
 "To lull th' unguarded Soul, and wake Desire;
 "There by the Candle's Eye-deceiving Light,
 "The Painted Sinners seem divinely bright.
 "Sure in their Thoughts each Gazer to enslave,
 "They roll their lustful Eyes, and naked Bosom heave.

F

"But

* *Wareing* a Musician, was a Person of great Skill in his Profession, but it was his Misfortune to live and die very poor. The Method of advertising a Concert of Musick at *Oxford*, is by sticking up Papers at every Post and Corner.

" But be each *Phryne*'s * Vanity subdu'd,
 " Their Oglés pointless, and their Smiles withstood,
 " And you yourselves most lifeless Logs of Wood." }

PROVOK'D by this each *Saint* forfook his Cell,
 Nor other Cause the *Muse* vouchsafes to tell.

BUT (B C's) Breast far other Thoughts employ,
 Far other Raptures of unholy Joy.
 With careful (E) no longer he'll dispense,
 E'en Charms enjoy'd will pall upon the Sense :
 Surely, said he, where all Things favour Love,
 This ruddy Cheek or sparkling Eye may move.
 But Love unlook'd for Aid his Vot'ries brings,
 With sudden Roar behold the Lobby rings.
 The fidling Pimp, who beg'd Admission late,
 With Foppish Pertness now, commands the Gate.
 The powder'd Beggar gen'rous † JACKS disdain,
 Collect their Strength and wonted Entrance gain.
 This happy Moment joyful (B C) knew,
 Might set his Worth conspicuous to the View.
 With Broomstick brandish'd o'er his Holy Head,
 A formidable Troop of ‡ PRO's he led,

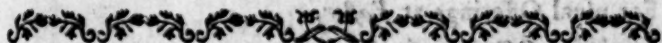
With

* This alludes to the Story of *Phryne* the famous *Athenian* Courtizan, and a Philosopher at *Athens*, who withstanding all her Temptations, she pronounced him to be a *Leg*, and not a *Man*.

† A Nick-Name among the Vulgar for an Order of Young Men in the University generally called *Servitors*.

‡ PRO's a Common Name for the Pro proctors, a terrible sort of People.

What Eyes O! (B C) then on thee were turn'd!
 What lovely Bosoms for thy Safety burn'd!
 The JACKS astonish'd shun the conqu'ring Sight,
 Crowds roll down Crowds precipitant in Flight;
 Thus when at Sea two whirling Winds oppose,
 And *East* and *West* in wild *Tornados* close.
 Confus'dly driv'n the troubled Waters rise,
 Waves mount o'er Waves, and foaming dash the Skies.
 Yet midst their Rage if *Neptune* lift his Head,
 Aw'd by the God the mighty Tumult's laid.
 The Clouds disperse and leave a Void serene,
 Without a Spot the whose *Horizon's* seen.



An EPITAPH on RICHARD NARROWSOLO,
who lies buried in the Ruins of —

LET the loud Praise of Men, and Trump of Fame
 The high Atchievements of the Great proclaim—
 Here *Narrowsolo* lies, who never did
 A single Act, that ought not to be hid.
 Rise no proud Piles, but rattle round him Stones,
 And in your Ruins overwhelm his Bones.
 His Bones?—ay more—within some Spider's Hole,
 Some Cobweb-crany lodge his dirty Soul:
 Left by ill Fate it creep abroad agen,
 To do Dishonour in some future Men.

 A General Release to *Hastings Ingram, Esq;*
Who demanded a Receipt upon the Payment of Six-pence
for Easter Offerings.

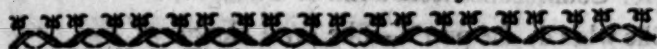
K NOW, every Christian Man alive,
 In Seventeen hundred thirty five,
 The second Day of *May*—the Hour
 To tell you is not in my Power ;
 That *H—— I——* then did pay—
 (*Esquire—I had forgot to say*)
 For usual Offerings at *Easter*,
 Inprimis, Offerings for Master,
 Item, the same for *Betty Porter*,
 Item, for *Thomas,—Tom—that's shorter*,
 Three times two Pence, that's two times Three
 Of *lawful Money*—let me see !
 To me the Curate of great *Wolford*,
 And here is my Receipt in full for't.
 And by these Presents I discharge,
Acquit, release, and set at large
 Squire *H—— I——* aforesaid,
 His *Servant Man* and *Servant Maid*.
 And all the *Children* of their Loins,
 Their *Heirs, Executors, Assigns*,
 If Child, *Executor* there be,
 Or *Heir*—to any of the Three ;

And

And now in Witness of the same,

I hereunto subscribe my Name.

Sidney Willard. Billioth.



THE

K I T T E N,

A F A B L E.

A Wanton Kitten highly bred
Fondled and delicately fed,
Was on her Game so fully set,
She jump'd on ev'ry Thing she met:
Would play her Tricks before you thought,
Spit in your Face—— * and tear your Coat.

WHEN Time for other Sports was come,
Madam full soon elop'd from Home,
Follow'd her Mate the Lord knows where,
And was not heard of far and near:
Till being soundly claw'd and bitten,
Kitten at length produc'd a Kitten.

F 3

You'd

* She did so by the Author.—The Proprietor of the Kitten had it in his Power, not long since, to have given him a full Suit in Return; but while he foolishly stood expecting, another Fellow ran away with the Cloaths.

You'd smile to see the Change it wrought,
 Her Countenance seem'd full of Thought,
 She whin'd, she purr'd—She lay'd along,
 And roll'd in Fondness o'er her young.
 Which grew apace, and partly rear'd.
 To save her Trouble, disappear'd.

THE Want of Care produces Riot,
 Madam could not remain at Quiet,
 The Nursery remov'd away,
 She fell prepost'rously to play,
 A Mother's Gravity forgot,
 And frisk'd, and gambol'd, and what not.
 By Chance across her Way there came
Grimalkin, purblind, grave, and lame,
 An ancient Cat, that all the Day
 Would wink and doze her Time away.
 Kitten must needs exchange a Cuff,
 But met a terrible Rebuff:
Grimalkin, with a savage Roar,
 Tumbled poor Kitten o'er and o'er,
 And spit and bit, and in the Stir
 Stript her half naked of her Fur.
 Kitten escaping, tho' too late,
 Endeavour'd to expostulate:
 Methinks said she 'tis very hard—
 Good Humour should have this Reward—

I meant

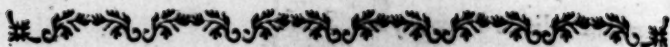
I meant a little Play—your Sense
Might bear with my Impertinence;
For this to treat one with such Rigour,
And tear one thus—Lord, what a Figure?

Grimalkin answer'd to all that,
Kitten, 'tis Time you grew a Cat.

M O R A L.

WHEN a Young Lady's made a Wife,
Her Station claims a Change in Life;
The Liberties of younger Years,
Will not consist with Household Cares,
Those who will take them, in the Event
May find Occasion to repent;
According who they are beset with,
They may come off, or may be met with.





T H E
FORMATION of WOMAN,
A F A B L E.

*Written (above twenty Years since) For a Friend to a
Young Lady, who, though not personally known to him,
took upon her to answer a Letter of his to a Relation.
In her Answer, amongst other Raillery, there was this
Sentence: " I suppose you made use of your Learning,
" to pose a silly Woman, who can be even with you,
" in her turn, and call you a mere Pendant."*

IN Days of Yore, as Poets tell,
An oddish Accident befel:
Jove with a formal Proclamation
Alarm'd the Gods of every Station;
" That having weigh'd it at his Leisure
" It was his Highness' Will and Pleasure.
" As Gods above, so Men below,
" Should Female Conversation know.
" That *Vulcan* should the *Wonder* frame,
" Which we poor mortals Woman Name."
Delays of Things may change their Course,
The Act was straightway put in Force;
All hie them to the Place appointed,
Where *Vulcan* soon a *Baby* jointed.

But

But no Appearance of a *Wife* in't,
The God had only just put *Life* in't.

WHEN *Venus*, starting from her Car,
I need not tell you she was there,
Clasp'd pretty *Missy* in her Arms,
And by her Touch imparts her Charms,
The Airs of boarding-Schools inspires,
And all that *Beaus*, and *Foplings* fires;
The Ogle, Lisp, and Furl of Fan,
To pose the silly Creature Man.

THUS had she Airs, but seem'd to want Age,
To use them to the best Advantage;
When *Juno*, stately Dame, drew near,
Kiss'd her and taught her to be queer;
An Air of Stiffness straight is seen,
The distant Frown, and bridled Chin.

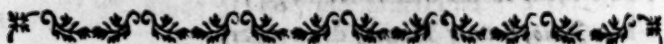
THIS *Pallas* saw, and laughing said,
'Tis mine to make th' *Accomplish'd* Maid.
The Charms my Sisters here bestow
May serve to captivate a Beau,
Lads, that are given to their Book,
Will each poor Artifice o'erlook:
Call the light giddy Creature Fool,
And turn her Airs to Ridicule:
But lest the Book-Worms grow too val'ant,
I'll give the Gipsy such a Talent:

A Wit

58 *The FORMATION of WOMAN.*

A Wit so nicely form'd to tease.
And by a sweet Perverseness please:
That, where her wily Charms shall fail
To get an Husband, let her rail.

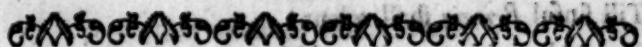
THE Poet's fanci'd legend you
Demonstrate plainly to be true.
Tho' yet your Beauty is unknown,
A more prevailing Charm I own,
A Charm on which the FABLE hit,
As most alluring ——— *Female Wit*,
Hath made—In short the Truth be said on't,
A Lover, whom you call'd a *Pedant*.



*Written on the back of a Young LADY's Fan, whose
Device was a MONKEY weighing in a pair of Scales
a BEAU against a FEATHER, the latter of which
proved to be the heavier.*

STILL to her gen'rous Mind may *Fops* appear
Light as a *Feather*, empty as the *Air*!
And as her lovely Hands thy leaves display,
Good *Fan*, for ever blow those *Fops* away.





A N

I M I T A T I O N,

O F

H O R A C E, Book III. Ode VI.

*Written about the Time that Sir JOHN NORRIS lay
Wind-bound at Spithead before the Overthrow at
Carthagena.*

BOLD *English* Hearts, our Sons to come,
How hard, how heavy is your Doom?

All your Forefathers Crimes to bear!

Till you the mould'ring Fanes shall rear,

And Temples black with Smoke repair.

O! print this Maxim on your Soul;
That 'tis Religion makes you rule,

Till

DELICTA majorum immeritis lues,

Romane, donec templa refeceris,

Ædesque labentes Deorum, &

Fœda nigro simulacra fumo,

Dīs te minorem quod geris, imperas:

Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.

Dii

Till sinful *Britain* shall relent ;
 Heav'n hath it's complicated Vengeance sent
 In War, and Poverty, and Discontent.

WHAT Shame to say from *France* and *Spain*
 Three Fleets have cross'd the rugged Main :
 While Winds or Fate or Folly stopt our Course ;
 And St. *Sebastian's* braves the *British* Force.

THE City into various Factions rent
 Hath on it's self it's idle Fury spent :
 While on our Beach the *Spanish* Pirate moors ;
 And *France* destroys by Tricks and Overtures.

THE

Dii multa neglecti dederunt
 Hesperiae mala luctuosæ,

JAM bis Monæses, & Pacori manus
 Non auspicatos contudit impetus
 Nostros, & adjecisse prædam
 Torquibus exiguâ renidet.

PÆNE occupatam seditionibus
 Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops ;
 Hic classe formidatus, ille
 Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fœcunda

THE Age alas! abounds with Crimes!

Adulteries first stain'd the Times;
From which polluted Fountain flow
Wide spreading Streams of far-infecting Woe
On Peers, on Commoners, on high and low.

OUR Daughters taught from Infancy to sin
With their *French* Breeding suck the Poison in.
See the lewd Flirt her wanton Step advance,
Caught with the Motion of some smutty Dance.

VIEW her mature upon the Stage of Life,
And from the Boarding School commenc'd a Wife;

G

In

FOECUNDA culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domus.

Hoc fonte derivata clades

In patriam populumque fluxit.

MOTUS doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artubus

Jam nunc, & incestos amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.

MOX juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit

Cui

In her first Frolicks she conceals her Spark,
Waits till her Husband's drunk, or for the Dark.

BUT after, tip the Wink, she'll rise,
And Aét the Crime before his Eyes.
Whilst he poor Cully seems to snore,
A *Spaniard* or *Exciseman* raps the Door ;
A *Spaniard*, *Briton*, makes thy Child a Whore,
And purchases thy Shame with Money once thy Store.

You cannot think the gen'rous Brood,
Who dy'd the Seas with Hostile Blood,
The *Spanish* and * *Sicilian* Seas,
E'er sprung from Parents such as these :

Or

Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis.

SED iussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat infitor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punice ;

Pyrrhumque,

* The Author refers to the famous Expedition to *Sicily*
under the Conduct of Admiral *Byng*, the Father, not the
late unfortunate Admiral.

Or those, who in *Eliza's* Reign;
Hid the *Armada* in the Main.

THOSE were another Race of Men,
We scarce may see their like agen;
Not *petit Maîtres*, tender Creatures,
Proud like the Girls of pretty Features:
But sturdy, honest, and downright,
Who *work'd* all Day, and *sepr* all Night.

THE *Englsh* Mother then a Dame,
Saw that her Children went and came;
Not from the Dancing School as now,
But to cleave Wood and drive the Plough,
Nor told her Boys their Work was done,
Till they beheld the setting Sun,
G 2 When

Pyrhumque, & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirom:

SED rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, & severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos.

PORTARE fustes; Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret

Bobus

When they dismiss'd the weary Beast,
Then supp'd themselves and went to Rest.

Thus ev'ry Age and every Clime,
Must feel the Injuries of ~~the~~ Time ;
Our Fathers from their Sires declin'd
And left an half-strain Breed behind,
The Generation next will be
Worse, if 'tis possible, than we.

Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens, abeunte curru.

DAMNOSA quid non imminuit dies ?
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

*An EPILOGUE intended to have been spoken by
a young Lady, when the Farce of Lethe was private-
ly in Rehearsal at C—1.*

IN *Village* where young *Gentlemen* are few,
What for Amusement can we Ladies do ?
Home-Occupations, those devis'd by Friends.
We've found from Fact will never serve our Ends,

Some

Some thrumb'd the Harpsichord, and some turn'd Singers ;
 Some mus'd o'er Needle-work, and prick'd their Fingers :
 Others wou'd read—tho' who could fix an *Eye*,
 Or give *Attention* if a *Coach* drove by ?
 The Hopes of seeing something—*Beau* or *Cit*,
 Still interrupted all they read or writ.
 To Arts to *solitary* 'twas decreed
 'Twere better something *social* should succeed,
 Our *Seniors* therefore for a Ball engag'd
 The Room at *Dulwich* when the Dog-star rag'd ;
 But those Indulgences were no such Catches,
 That dancing *Match* produc'd no other *Matches*.
 And for the rest—I do not care to mince it—
 We've wanted Men in all, that happen'd since it.
 How should a *female* Partner's *Hand* or *Mien*,
 Dispel the *Vapours*, or relieve the *Spleen*,
 Warm the *chill* Heart, or cure the *Sickness green* ?
 I make no Mention of that poor *Release*,
 When in a Train like Mr. *Corner's* Geese,
 We caekle up the Road, and then unite,
 To make the *Tremblement* of *Wedn'sday* Night.
 Is there a Soul but what has had it's Fill
 Of that eternal standing Dish *Quadrille* ?
 Give me a Cup of *Lethe* to them all—
 To Cards, to Songs, to Whip-stitch, and the *Ball*.
 Henceforth the Master Project of my Life,
 Is with convenient Speed to be a Wife :
 That the next Generation ne'er agen
 May feel this horrid Scarcity of Men.

To a Tradesman's Daughter who was Deaf, Proud, and Rich.

SYLVIA, those cloudy Looks remove :
 For Strephon free as Air
 May meet with proffer'd Wealth, and Love
 From Numbers of the Fair.

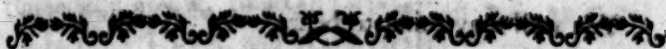
His tender Heart can sigh ; when your
Infirmity is told :
 His noble Spirit can't endure
 The Pride, you take in *Gold*.

Since then in *Mixture* odd you share
Gold and *Infirmities* :
 Choose one, whose *Pity* these can bear,
 Whose *Virtue* that despise.

In a LADY's Fan, who desired Verses, not like those in the young Lady's, but rather on some Subject, which engaged her Attention at Church.

OFT on my Knees at Church I've been,
 One Pray'r's my first, and last ;
 An Husband is the Thing I mean,
 Good Lord !——I am in Haste.

A gentle



A gentle Admonition to the Thing, they call a JILT.

HOW cou'd you e'er distress the Youth,
Who ne'er offended you?

Sure to my Innocence, and Truth,

A better Fate was due!

REMEMBER Heav'n is always just,

And sees the Wrongs I bear,

Remember this; and then you must

Believe some Vengeance near.

Tho' I shou'd grieve to see my Love,

That haughty thoughtless Maid,

Forc'd in a lower Sphere to move,

Neglected and betray'd:

YET such most frequent is the End

Of all the *jilting* Train;

They take some *Traitor* for a *Friend*,

Who tortures them again.

WHO, while in vain you strive to please,

For some vile *Harlot* burns,

And for the Joy you wish *Disease*

And *Misery* returns.

THESE

THESE are your Merits, and the Fate

You well may think to bear,

While with a virtuous constant Mate,

I Peace and Pleasure share.—

Quamquam O! sustineam? Si Te—si quando videbo

Duras Fortunæ Te subiisse Vices?

Proclita cum Triviis, sola, et deserta vagetur,

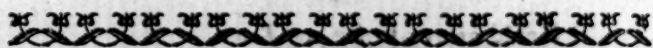
Quæ fuit usque procax, usque superba fuit.

Abfit, at expecies; merita es nam talibus Ausis,

Hæc, inquam, merita es, vel graviora pati:

Sed mihi, post Casus, melior Fortuna reposta;

Et cum dilecta Coniuge parta Quies.



Upon bearing Mr. STANLEY perform at his House on
Epping-Forest.

WHEN STANLEY plays, each Note so sweet
Fond Echo labours to repeat;

Too hard the Task! the rapid Strain

Makes all the Babler's Efforts vain:

Th' imperfect *Airs* beginning die,

Or broken thro' the Forrest fly.

But on each Spray the feather'd Throng

Persist to emulate his Song:

And spend with Hazard of their Lives,

The Stock of Sound, which Nature gives.

Unmodel'd

Unmodel'd Sound, that can't avail—
 Die panting Thrush, and Nightingale!
 Or vanquish't from this Seat depart,
 Where Nature thus combines with Art.



To Miss O——, Daughter of Captain O——, in the
Service of the East-India Company.

BRIGHT Innocence, and blooming Youth!

How can my Wit or Fancy
 Describe thy Image to the Truth,
 My dear, my charming Nancy?

LET sordid Poets write for Gain,

My Muse shall do her Duty:
 And dedicate her softest Strain
 To Innocence and Beauty.

MAY *Prudence* and may *Virtue* still,

Where'er you go, attend ye,
 One guide your *Thoughts*, and one your Will,
 And both alike befriend ye.

MAY Heav'n protect you in your Course,

While young and gay you wander;
 From *Wiles* of Men, and what is worse
 The Blast of *Female* Slander.

As

As I sail down *Time's* ebbing Tide,

Sill let me see thee by me:

And ne'er to sever from my Side,

By strict Relation tye me.

MAY Friendship be the *Halser* tight,

To keep our Barks together,

Amidst the Accidents of Night

And Gusts of stormy Weather.

CALM be the Ev'ning of that Day,

When all our Dangers over,

With Sky serene and level Sea,

The Haven we recover.

THAT Land of undisturb'd Delight!

With better Souls replenisht!

Where all the Innocent unite,

And all the Base are banisht.

Upon being stung in the Face by a BEE, whose Sting was taken out by a Young LADY.

IN vain my little Foe inflicts the Smart:

For *Parthenissa* draws the venom'd Dart.

Her Hand can instantaneous Ease restore,

And add a Thousand Joys unfelt before.

Whilst

Whilst the poor Insect, by the Wound he gave,
 Sickens to Death, and makes his Cell his Grave.
 Thus by their *Malice* be my *Foes* subdu'd,
 Or made by *Heav'n* the Instruments of *Good*:
 And thro' my Life be this my Lot;—to feel
 Joys from each *Smart*, and *Good* o'erpaying *Ill*.

West-wel, June 16, 1745.

*Extempore upon the Sight of Miss PEACH, who by Re-
 port was very soon to be married.*

O That fair Fruit, that charming blushing *Peach* !
 Why did it grow ? to grow above my *Reach*.
 Sad Disappointment *this*—but *worse*—to stand
 And see it gather'd by another's Hand.

ANACREON*, ODE XVI.

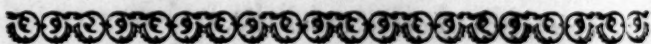
SINCE Poets nought but Wars rehearse ;
 War be the Subject of my Verse :
 Not those which *Thebes* in Ruins laid,
 Or *Phrygia* strew'd with Heaps of Dead.

Far

* *Anacreon* a famous Greek Poet was born about the second Year of the 55th Olympiad at Teos a City of Ionia, whither

Far dearer Woes to me belong,
 My own Destruction is my Song.
 Nor *Fleets* with Death and Terrors fraught,
 Nor *Horse*, nor *Foot* my Ruin wrought,
 But a New Army from the Eye,
 Gave me the Wounds, by which I die.

whither the *Athenians* had sent a Colony. He was descended of one of the noblest Families of *Athens*. He lived in great Honour in the Court of *Polycrates*, the Tyrant or King of *Samos*, at that Time a Powerful Prince by Sea, and was of signal Service to him in Matters of Government. His Verses were of the *Lyrick* kind, or such as were sung to the Harp. The Measure he used was very musical, and is called from him *Anacréontic*; there is a vast Simplicity and Ease in his Words and Thoughts, but he dwells too much upon some Subjects, which are apt to make the People think him a Man more addicted to Vice and Pleasure than some allow he was. He appears by his Medals, to have been a Person of chearful Countenance, but with a decent Mixture of Gravity. His End affords us a Melancholy Reflection upon the Frailty of human Life. For the Vine, he so much admires, and praises in his Verses, produced with the Liquor he loved, the *Grape Stone*, which, though a Thing so seemingly incapable of doing Violence, was to him the Cause of a sudden Death.

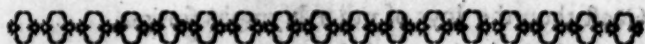


A N A C R E O N, ODE XXI.

GOOD Women, fill me out a Bowl,
 Enough to quench a Thirsty Soul,
 Drunk up by Heat, and parch'd to Death,
 This Weather makes one pant for Breath!

Give

Give me fresh Garlands, if you please,
 For my hot Brow has wither'd these.
 Give me—but where is such a Shade?
 Thick and impenetrable made,
 And cool enough, a Fence to prove
 Against the Scorching Heat of Love.



*An EPITAPH on a Scotchman, who was murdered, and
 lies buried on Chapel Heath, near Chipping-Norton,
 in Oxfordshire.*

YE *discontented*, who at Heav'n repine,
 Come learn Obedience from a Fate like mine.

In the bleak North, I first drew vital Air,
 From thence I wander'd, and expir'd here,
 A weary Pilgrim, prest beneath the Weight
 Of Want, and Labour, and untimely Fate
 From Life's beginning wretched, as in Death,
 Born on a Rock, and murder'd on a Heath.



AN ACROSTICK.

A t tending on the Course of Fate I stay;
 L et Heav'n propitious work it's destin'd Way;
 I n his deep Counsels I must look for mine,
 C an the least Hope be drawn from Man's Design?
 E nough! if human Will be Will divine.

H

Written

The Graces were three in Number.

*Written in a Book of Family Receipts and Cookery,
under the Name of a Young Lady since dead.*

O! Form'd alike in ev'ry shape to please,
In ev'ry Station to behave with Ease,
Canst thou the Joys of other Nymphs forego,
The private Junket, and the publick Show,
From Cards, and Play, and Company retire,
Direct the House, and see a *Kitchen Fire*?
The *gay* and *thrifty* thus genteely blend,
By turns on Bus'ness, and on Dress attend?
If ever Fortune deign for me a Wife,
By thy Example might she form her Life;
As Time requires it, with good Grace appear,
Polite or useful, lively or severe.

Feb. 1738-9.

*Extempore VERSES to an handsome Widow, and two
fine Young Ladies, who were sitting for their Picture.*

FAIR Mother, and two Daughters fair,
I see your Painter must despair,
To draw your beauteous Faces:
Those Charms, which in each Feature join
Those Eyes, which beam with Light divine
Belong to *Living Graces*.

To

* The Graces were three in Number.

To have your real *Likeness* then,
Madam, permit us once agen

In *Wedlock* to adore ye:

And you, my *Dears*, do, take the Hint,

To use the *very, very Tint*,

That *Mamma* did before ye.

If in this Way, you'll condescend
 To hear the Counsel of a Friend,

And one or all, will venture,

I, on my Part, will undertake,

On such Occasion, to bespeak

Or be my self a— *Painter*.

ODE to FRIENDSHIP.

By *Miss P— of R—d*.

AMBITIOUS Throbs at length subside,
 No more my Heart misled by Pride,

Ideal Bliss pursues:

To *Friendship's* sacred Fane I bow,

To her, devout my ardent Vow,

And dedicate my Muse.

Blest Amity! thou Child of Truth!

Say, where must inexperienc'd Youth,

Thy *Haleyon* Seat explore:

DWELST Thou, where gilded Turrets rise,
And lofty Domes salute the Skies,

In all the Pride of Pow'r?

Al! rather with indignant Smiles,
Thou shun'st the false, seducing Wiles;

Of Envy, and Deceit:

Remote from Folly's gay Parade
In rural Life's sequester'd Shade,

I seek thy soft Retreat.

WHERE *Truth*, and *Virtue*, stand confess,
(Fix'd inmates both of *Laura's* Breat)

Thou reign'st in all thy Charms:

Ease, Innocence, and Joy serene,

Unvarying gilds the peaceful Scene

And every Care disarms:

WHEN Grief invades, and wounds the Heart,

'To thee 'tis giv'n with lenient Art,

Corroding Pangs to heal:

Affliction hurl her Darts in vain:

By thee supported, we sustain,

Each adverse Stroke we feel.

DULL *Apathy*, the lazy Guide,

Of *Sticks* petrified by Pride

Shall ne'er my Actions frame:

Can real VIRTUE prompt the Soul;
 It's social Duties to controul,
 Or cancel *Friendship's* claim;

WHILE such, unenvy'd in their Flights,
 Still perch on *Wisdom's* frozen Heights

Where *Passions* ne'er ascend;

Let me, with heart-felt Ardour glow,
 To raise the Joys, or share the Woe,
 Of each deserving *Friend*.

~~~~~

An ANSWER to a POETICAL EPISTLE,

From my Friend Mr. A——

*Who being just then married advised the Author to leave  
 such Solitary Amusements as engraving Verses upon the  
 Rock, and to employ himself better in looking out a  
 Wife.*

YOUR good Advice for me design'd,

Sir, I must own was very kind:

But since 'twas not a Case in Law,

Forgive me, if I spy a Flaw,

The Thing you know was Matrimony,

Which you protest is sweet as Honey:

And so it may, till this Moon's o'er,

But tell me when you've prov'd it more.

Tho' I confess it were a Pity,

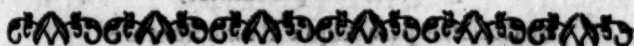
That you should ever change your Ditty ;  
Of Fetters you appear so fond ;  
So happy in the Marriage Bond.  
But I, who Freedom love and Pow'r  
Could never be controul'd an Hour ;  
Beside the Living thus in Thrawl,  
The Women, if you knew them all,  
Are not like your good dear—your Wife,  
No, some would lead you such a Life !——  
And one of these without due Care  
May fall to any Neighbour's Share :  
Better to reason, and delay,  
And study, whom you could obey,  
Than all one's Happiness to barter,  
For a Month's Toying with a Tartar.  
Then to go at it *Tooth and Nail*,  
And fly from Home as from a Jayl.  
From Civil Wars good Heav'n defend me,  
Nor let a Woman's humour end me ;  
Not but there is a gentler kind,  
And one of these I hope to find ;  
One, who can think that *Crystal Floods*,  
*And mossy Banks are solid Goods* :  
So for my Turn, as, if she pleases,  
To make my *Sermons*,——or my *Cheeses*.  
And when I've found her——shall I marry ?  
Why *Reason* still cries " Tarry—tarry."  
" The Way for you is yet but thorny,

" Tho'

"Tho' 'twas so easy for the *Attorney*,  
 "His is a Money-getting Trade,  
 "Ill Fate hath you a *Parson* made;  
 "And given you so small a Living,  
 "That you can never think of Thriving.  
 "And Children too——your Wife may breed them  
 "Faster than both of you can feed them:  
 "Then her meek Spirit and your own  
 "Under a Weight of Care must groan:  
 "You die——your Daughter and your Son  
 "And your dear Wife are all undone"——

If this for me be Matrimony,  
 It has much more of *Gall* than *Honey*.

Better to muse among the Flocks,  
 And grave my *Sonnets* on the Rocks;  
 Than ever to desire to know  
 A Joy so intermix'd with *Woe*.



## A C R O S T I C K.

G entle as the harmless Dove,  
 O ! reward me with thy Love:  
 S ome unerring Sign impart,  
 F rom thy *Looks*, and from thy *Heart*.  
 R ightly to instruct a Mind  
 I nnocent, and just, and kind:  
 G uide me willing to obey  
 H ow to act; and what to say  
 T o bear my precious Prize away.

INSCRIP.

## I N S C R I P T I O N S

*For the Faces of a Rock, which overlooks the Sea above  
the Vicarage House at RUNCORN.*

**S**I nova exstaret Domus e vetusta,

Si Loci, et Nostri stabilita rite

Jura liquisset, modo qui Ministri

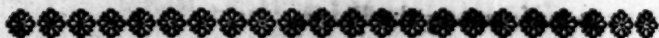
Munere cessit :

*Tusculum* hic esset placidumque *Tibur* ;

Hic mihi sedem cuperem Senectæ ;

Hic modum lasso strepitus Scholarum

Militiæque.



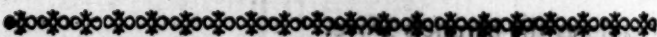
J O H A N N E S F R E E, A. M.

Eccles. Christi apud Oxonienses Capellanus,

Academiæ Procurator,

Et Ecclesiæ perantiquæ Runcornensis

Vicarius 1739-40.



## A N O T H E R.

ΣΗΜΑ ΔΕ ΜΟΙ ΧΕΥΣΩΣΙΝ ΕΠΙ ΠΛΑΤΕΙ\* ΕΛΛΗΣΠΟΝΤ-  
ΤΩΙ

ΚΑΙ ΠΟΤΕ ΤΙΣ ΕΠΗΨΙ ΚΑΙ ΟΥΓΙΘΝΩΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΩΝ

NHI

\* The Waters about *Runcorn* have very much the  
Appearance of those in the *Hellepont* and about *Gallipoli*.

ΝΗ ΠΟΛΥΚΑΛΗΔΙ ΠΛΕΩΝ ΕΠΙ ΟΙΝΟΠΑ ΠΟΝΤΟΝ  
 ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΔΕ ΣΗΜΑ ΠΑΛΑΙ ΚΑΤΑΤΕΘΗΩΤΟΣ  
 ΟΝ ΠΟΤ' ΑΡΙΣΤΕΤΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΚΩΣ ΠΑΡΕΔΕΞΑΤΟ ΛΑΟΣ  
 ΔΑΙΤ' ΑΠΟΝΟΣΦΙΖΩΝ ΙΕΡΗΝ ΚΑΙ ΔΩΡΑ ΘΕΟΙΟ  
 ΤΟΥΤΕ ΟΥΝ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΕΤΙΣΕΝ ΑΤΑΣΘΑΛΙΗΙΣΙ ΧΟΛΩΘΕΙΣ  
 ΑΛΛ' ΑΠΙΩΝ ΝΟΣΤΗΣΕ ΦΙΛΗΝ ΕΣ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΑ ΓΑΙΑΝ  
 ΩΣ ΠΟΤΕ ΤΙΣ ΕΡΕΗΙ ΤΟΔ ΕΜΟΝ ΚΛΕΟΣ ΟΥ ΠΟΤΟΛΕΙ-  
 ΤΑΙ.

A LETTER from a PARISH CLERK in Dorset-  
 shire, to an absent VICAR.

\* In the DIALECT of the COUNTY.

MEASTER, an't please you, I do zend  
 Theaz Letter to you as a Vriend,  
 Hoping you'll pardon the Inditing,  
 Becaz I am not us'd to Writing;  
 And that you will not take unkind,  
 A Word or zo, from poor *George Hind*.  
 For I am always in the Way,  
 And needs must hear, what People zay.

FIRST

\* The Author has seen two Specimens of the *Engliss* Dialects, one the *Exe-moor* Courtship, the other the *Lancashire* Dialogue, he puts out this as a Third; wishing something of this Sort were done in every County, to give the learned and curious, a View of our Language in all it's Shapes.



FIRST of the House they make a Joke,  
 And say the Chimnies never smook.  
 Now the Occasion of these Jests,  
 As I do think, where Zwallows Nests,  
 That chanc'd the other Day to vaak  
 Into the Parlour, Zut and aal  
 Beside, the People not a few  
 Begin to murmur much at you,  
 For leaving of them in the Lurch,  
 And letting Straingers zerve the Church,  
 Who are in Haste to go agen,  
 Zo, we ha'nt zang the Lord knows when.  
 And for their Preaching, I do know  
 As well as moost, 'tis but zo, zo.  
 Zure if the Call you had were right,  
 You ne'er could thus your Neighbours slight.  
 But I do fear you've zet your Aim on  
 Naught in the World but vilthy Mammon.  
 Then People, when the Church is o'er,  
 Do go a fragling o'er the Moor;  
 A Zundays there is zuch a Hooting,  
 And the yung Squires do go a Zhooting;  
 Tho' I had never learnt a Letter,  
 I think, that I cou'd tell 'em better,  
 But it don't matter what I talk  
 To them, or any other Volk;  
 Of all I zay they take no heed,  
 Mcafter, 'twould grieve you if you zeed!

The

The Boys are come to such a Pass,  
They've broken ev'ry Pane of Glas:  
If you do go the Orchard round,  
There's not a Quodling to be vound.  
I think there's scarce a Zowl that's living  
Minds the Commandment against Thieving.  
Before they're ripe, the Walnut-Tree  
Has not a Walnut, you can zee.  
Now these the Boys cou'd never get,  
Because they have no Kernels yet.  
Zome zay, that in a certain Place  
They've pickled 'em to put in Zauce;  
I'm zure to zave 'em I was willing.  
Zome Years they've yielded vorty Shilling.

I'm zorry I'm to write a Letter  
Zo full of News that is no better;  
But 'twould displease you to conceal  
Whatever happens, good or ill:  
Zo I will tell you one thing more,  
Which, when I zeed, did grieve me zore.  
The Pars'nage House, that look'd so tight,  
Upon the Roof is naked quite;  
The Wind has stript the Thatch away.  
Zo it rains in both Night, and Day.  
These Things unto my Mind did bring  
The Zong of *Deb'rab* which we zing.  
Against a Man, as we read there,  
The Stars did in their Courses war;

But

But God forbid, that such Dizafter  
 Should e'er befall my Rev'rend Master.  
 So hoping that I han't been rude  
 I think 'tis Time for to conclude;  
 Desiring you will still be kind  
 To *Morden-Clerk*, your Friend, *George Hind*.

P. S.

This at the Ale-house in our Town,  
 On *Zunday* Night I did write down.  
 And Mrs. *Mortimer* do join  
 Her humble Zervice, Zir, with mine;  
 Wishing, if it so please the Lord,  
 That you to us may be restor'd.  
 I for my Part wou'd quit the Place.  
 To have you come again in Peace.  
 And if the Bushop wou'd consent,  
 When I from *Morden-Clerkship* went,  
 At *Maddington* to make me Curate,  
 I'd do the Duty just at your Rate;  
 Nor ask you more than half the Price  
 That wou'd another Man suffice.  
 Beside that, I could teach the Ringers,  
 And be a Master for the Zingers.  
 So you'll consider my Request,  
 And God direct you vor the best.

An

*An detur Transubstantiatio? Neg.*

**F**ICTA Sacerdotum miserum per secula popellum  
Religio ut potuit ludificare dolis!

Hinc *Ægyptiæ* Memphitica sacra *Juvenæ*  
Cernis; quotque ferax Numina *Nilus* habet:

Illinc *Dodonæ* servant Spelæa *Molosfi*;

Et Templum *Delpbis* jactat Apollo suum:

Intulit atque Deos, terris hinc inde petitos

*Romæ*, idem Quæstus et Pietatis amor.

Cedite, Romani veteres, et cedite, Graii,

Cedas, *Memphi*, dolis quos *novæ* Roma parat.

Par nostro Invento *Reditus*, sed *Gloria* major;

Plus *fecisse* valet, quàm *coluisse* Deos.

*An contraria possint esse in eodem? Neg.*

**P**Enthesfilea furens Sexûs pertæsa domique

Per Campos fortis dum spatatur eques,

Agricolæ occurfat, quæ, quæ via ducit in urbem?

Ut frixit sermo, quæ sonat hora, rogat.

Aspexit dubius *Corydon*, formamque Puellæ

Vidit pube tenus, cætera pene virum.

Hæsitat; at tandem posita formidine, fatur,

Quisquis es, haud dubita, me dace tutus eris.

I

Interea

Interea magnas dum versat pectore nugas,

*Flamen* adest ; dignus vindice nodus erat.

Heus, inquit *Corydon*, si sit tibi tempus aventi,

Me sequitur—Sequitur—dic, *Reverende*, peto.

Nec genus *Humanum*, Speciem nam veste *virilem*

Præfert ; *famineos* prodidit ore Sonos.



## O D E.

*In propositam amicæ Abitionem.*

**S**IC ergo turbas, O Veneris Puer,

Infeste semper, sic misero mihi

Ultra ciebis ? Cur amatam

Hinc oculis abigis puellam ?

SENOS bis annos scilicet haud satis

Durum procacis ferre jugum fuit !

Quin hoc Laboris nunc supremum

Reliquias dederis Pharetræ ?

FRUSTRA ergo longos sollicitus Dies

Manst latentem me male Virginem !

Lasciva si notam Feneſtram

Composita repetebat hora.

RUMPAT quis unquam Clauſtra tenacia

Hujusce Turtis difficilis procis ?



Quæ nec Jovi summo pateret

Ni Deus aureus adveniret.

On receiving a Frown from a LADY in the College-Chapel.

"WHY will *Eliza* when I gaze

"My ravish'd Eyes reprove?"

Why say those Frowns this awful Place,

Forbids the Glance of Love?

In vain my Lips attempt a Pray'r,

While you possess my Heart:

Love, the unbounded Tyrant there,

Denies my God a Part.

THINK then, how great must be my Grief,

Nor Hopes from you I find:

Nor jealous *Heav'n* grants Relief,

While *Earth* enslaves the Mind.

Extempore Answer to a young LADY, occasioned by her sending a Tart, and a Copy of Verses, both of her own making.

FOR the *Present* you sent my *Thanks* I return,

But how shall I answer your *Wit*?

My Talents so poor I cannot but mourn

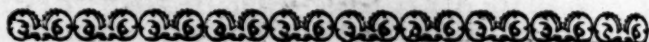
When the Muse has a *Subject* so fit.

INSTEAD of applauding your *Face* or your *Eye*,

The Promise I make you is this :

When next Time we meet—to my Charmer I'll fly,

And give her a *Kiss*—and a *Kiss*.



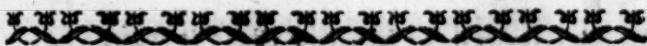
A PETITION to the Duke of Devonshire, for an  
*Haunch of Venison*, August 30, 1730.

WE your Petitioners, who come  
Full many a Mile from native Home,  
'To see your GRACE's Grandeur, that's worth  
A longer Journey than to *Chatsworth*,  
An't please your GRACE, are forc'd to tell ye,  
That each Man brings an empty Belly :  
And has a most uncommon Itching  
For something from your Grace's Kitchen.  
Now we have pitch'd like Men of Sense on,  
(As the best Dish) an *Haunch of Ven'son*.  
For know, my LORD, your Man the Bearer,  
Who doubtless thinks to be a Sharer,  
Has told us, that you have as good,  
As ever rang'd in Park or Wood.  
So let your GRACE but condescend  
In this Distress to stand our Friend :  
And we shall all your House remember,  
The longer, for our *Belly-Timber*.



An ACROSTICK *which accompanied a Book*  
of POEMS.

B reath all the *Airs* of Love, my gentle *Lyre* !  
A nd while the Fair one shall attend my Lay ;  
R emembrance of myself, and soft Desire,  
O N each Occasion, with the Verse convey :  
N or let my Image from that Bosom stray.



*Answer to Miss ———'s SONG in Praise of her Ideal*  
ALEXIS.

C EASE, my fair Nymph, from *London-Town*  
To bid *Alexis* come :  
You have (if you would choose to own)  
*Alexis* nearer home.

ONE, who, like you, can estimate  
The fleeting Joys of Life :  
And thinks it late—O! very late,  
E'er you are made his Wife.

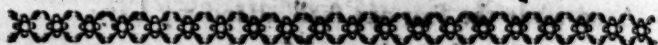
TWIN-LIKE from out our *Mother's* Hands,  
Our Souls congenial came ;  
No Wonder each it's *Mate* demands,  
And catches Flame from Flame.

MAY Heav'n each Obstacle remove,

That bars the happy Tie,

May he our mutual Vows approve !

And crown with lasting Joy.



On the CHOICE of an HUSBAND.

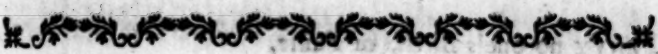
By a LADY, *since deceased.*

IF I am doom'd the Marriage Chain to wear,  
 Kind Heav'n ! propitious be to this my Pray'r :  
 That he, whom I am fated to obey,  
 May kindly *govern* by a gentle Sway,  
 May his *Good Sense* improve my best of Thoughts,  
 And his *Good Nature* smile at all my Faults.  
 May ev'ry *Virtue* his best Friendship know,  
 And all *Vice* shun him as a mortal Foe,  
 Still let me find possess'd by the *dear Youth*,  
 The best good Manners, the sincerest *Truth* :  
 Unblemish'd be his Honour and his Fame,  
 And let his Actions *merit* his good Name.  
 I'd have his Fortune easy, but not great,  
 For Troubles always on the Wealthy wait.  
 And Life's so very short I would not spare,  
 The smallest Part to throw away on Care.

Be this my Fate, if I am made a Wife,

Or keep me happy in a single Life.

A BIRTH



## A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

*By the same Hand.*

CAN I, all gracious Providence !

Can I deserve thy Care ?

Ah no ! I've not the least Pretence

To Bounties, which I share.

HAVE I not been defended still

From Dangers, and from Death,

Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill,

E'er since thou gav'st me Breath ?

I LIVE, once more to see the Day,

That brought me first to Light ;

O teach my willing Heart the Way

To take thy Mercies right.

Tho' dazzling Splendour, Pomp, and Show,

My Fortune has dény'd,

Yet (more than Grandeur can bestow)

Content hath well supply'd.

No Strife has e'er disturb'd my Peace,

No Miseries have I known ;

And that I'm blest in *Health* and *Ease*.

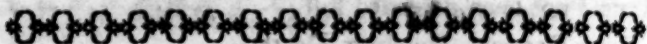
With humble Thanks I own.

I ENVY



I ENVY no one's Birth, or Fame,  
 Their Titles, Train, or Dress,  
 Nor has my Pride e'er stretch'd it's Aim  
 Beyond what I possess.

I ASK not, wish not to appear  
 More Beauteous, Rich, or Gay;  
 Lord! make me *wiser* ev'ry Year,——  
 And *better* ev'ry Day.



*By a LADY before her MARRIAGE.*

**P**REPARE me, O, Almighty Lord!  
 For that important Day,  
 When I shall plight my solemn Word,  
 To Honour, and obey.

WHEN at thy sacred Altar I  
 With trembling Feet shall stand;  
 Be *thy* eternal Spirit by,  
 To join the Heart and Hand.

UNITED thus no *human* Force  
 Can part the happy Pair,  
 But Life will run a cheerful Course  
 Of Sun shine all the Year.

YET

YET still, as *Pleasure's* Cup enjoy'd  
 A bitter Draught may prove ;  
 Unless our Thoughts be oft' employ'd  
 On Happiness above :

WITHIN us, Lord, new Hearts create  
 Prepar'd for *heav'nly* Bliss,  
 'That we may seek a *better* State,  
 While *Sojourners* in *this*.

---

DIALOGUE in a NURSERY.

DID you observe, how Master *Jacky* cri'd,  
 When his fine *Hobby-horse* was set aside?  
 " *Ay, Sir, a very Trifle pleases Boys !*" —  
 Nay pleases *Men*—WIFE, CHILDREN—all are *Toys*,  
 The brittle *Play-things* by o'er-ruling *HEAVEN*  
 To *Men* more *childish* than their *Infants* given.  
 This *ENGINE* may be wheel'd across a Room  
 By *Children's Children*, that are yet to come :  
 When *all*, you Love, and *all*, you value most,  
 Ere the next Morn, may be for ever lost,  
 Or fall to *Dust*, or feed the hungry *Worm*,  
 While Master's *Hobby-horse* retains it's *Form*.

Three COPIES of VERSES upon the Death of the late  
QUEEN.

Printed in the Oxford Collection.

**D**IVA, si Nostri Tibi Cura restet,  
Si Tuum tangant Animum peractæ  
Res adhuc vitæ; miseros Tuorum  
Respice Luctus.

Inde Te quanti facerent Britanni,  
Quam colunt vera Pietate cernas;  
Publicum nuper Decus, occidisti

Publica Cura.

CÆSAREM cujus tremuere Nomen  
Barbaræ Gentes, Lacrymæ obruerunt  
Cæsarem, hoc uno licuit videre  
Vulnere victum.

Ut queas Molem hanc, *Fraderice* Princeps,  
Sustinere? Eheu! Minor ille Natu  
Ut ferat Lucem genetricis Almæ  
Fata revolvens?

LÆTE, Vos, quondam Chorus, O Puellæ  
Regiæ, quantos Gemitus cietis,  
Quis Deus ludos hilaremque vitam  
Turbat iniquus?

Cum

Cum Tuum Funus, Carolina, Conjux  
Urgeat Fletu, Domus omnis urget;  
Civis ah, sacræ Lacrymam fidelem  
Admisceat Uræ!



על מות מלכה טבה כארולינג  
ברוך להנמון כיכאסתר:

מה זאת אשר שמעתי  
צעקה מרה מאד  
מדוע תשב בוכיה  
על נהרות המישיש  
בתולה נת בריחנה  
אוי מתה אם העמים  
מות מתה כארולינג  
מי יחיה אחריה  
לנחמת מלכנו  
או ישועת מלכיות



Εἰς τὴν τῆς Βασιλίσσης τιλευτήν.

Οὐλαί φῶ ἀνάσσα  
Ἰμπεράτῃ γυναικῶν  
Γαμήτῃ μὲν, ὡς τῆς  
Ἡ ἱζάνει ἐπ' ὄζοις,

Μόρος

Μάρος χέει ὀδυρόν.

Αὐτὰ δὲ οἱ ποσοῖα

Μητρὸς ποθῶ ἀπύσης

Μινυχὴν ἰστα Φαίην.

Λευκωλίρα δὲ μύτης

Ἐρασμὴν ὠδύσσει

Τὰ ἔρανῳ φρονῶσα

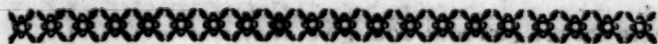
Φύγῃ μακρὰ εἰς Ὀλύμπον.

*The Greek Verses, which are written in Imitation of Anacreon, have been thus translated into English.*

**I**N our gentle QUEEN are lost  
 All the Charms, that Women boast.  
 Like the Turtle on the Boughs  
 Mourns her solitary Spouse:  
 And her drooping pining Young,  
 Finding her away so long,  
 In a sadly-plaintive Strain,  
 Still demand her back again.  
 But the Mother took her Flight,  
 Spotless Dove of Silver-white;  
 Upward still and tow'ring high,  
 To the Regions of the Sky.







On the Government of our PASSIONS.

SAY, LOVE, for what good End design'd  
Wert thou to Mortals given?  
Was it to fix on Earth the Mind?  
Or raise the Heart to Heav'n?

DELUDED oft we still pursue  
The fleeting Bliss we sought,  
As Children chase the Bird in view,  
That's never to be caught.

O! who shall teach me to sustain,  
A more than *manly* Part?  
To go thro' Life, nor suffer Pain  
Nor *Joy* to touch my Heart.

THOU blest INDIFFERENCE, be my Guide,  
I court thy gentle Reign;  
When *Passion* turns my Steps aside,  
Still call me back again.

TEACH me to see through *Beauty's* Art,  
How oft its Trappings hide  
A base, a lewd, a treacherous Heart;  
With Thousand Ills beside.

K

NOR

NOR let my gen'rous Soul give Way,  
 Too much to serve my *Friends*;  
 Let Reason still controul their Sway,  
 And shew where DUTY ends.

IF to my Lot a *Wife* should fall,  
 May FRIENDSHIP be our LOVE;  
 The *Passion*, that is Transport all,  
 Does seldom *lasting* prove:

IF *lasting*, 'tis too great for *Peace*,  
 The Pleasure's so profuse;  
 The Heart can never be at Ease,  
 Which has too much to lose.

CALM let me estimate this Life,  
 Which I must leave behind,  
 Nor let fond *Passions* raise a Strife,  
 To discompose my Mind.

WHEN *Nature* calls, may I steal by,  
 As rising from a Feast;  
 I've had my Fill of Life, and why  
 Should I disturb the rest?



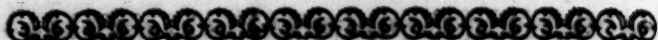
EPITAPH

EPITAPH on a young married LADY, who died  
at a great Distance from her Friends.

Stranger approach ! and shed a tender Tear,  
If ever *Virtue* to thy Soul was dear;  
If ever *Friend* in distant Climate lost  
Unknown to all, or known to few at most,  
Thy Heart if ever *Female Sweetness* warm'd,  
Or lively *Wis* or *Strength* of *Reason* charm'd,  
Or suff'ring *Beauty* bade thy Sorrows flow,  
Here Stop a while to melt at others Woe :  
And learn an *Husband's* *Brother's* *Parent's* Moan  
For such a *Consort*, *Sister*, *Daughter* gone.

An H Y M N.

CREATOR-GOD ! before whose Presence lie  
The Depths of *Earth*, and Secrets of the *Skie* ;  
Who seest how all my curious Frame is wrought,  
How *Matter* joins with *immaterial Thought* ;  
How here and there the *floodings* Spirits roll,  
And how alternate *Passions* cloud the Soul :  
Let *Grace* descend the long-lost *Calm* renew  
Sooth ev'ry *Wish*, and each *Desire* subdue ;  
The weaken'd *Intellect* repair and raise,  
Inspire alike to *know Thee* ; and to *praise*.



**MEDITATION** *going to bed early in the Morning, after Disputing the whole Night with an old Sceptick.*

**L**ORD, what a *Pilgrim* have I been ?

What *various* Places known ?

What *various* Ways of Life have seen ?

Yet few, I'd wish my own.

LIVE how, or where we will, we find

Some *Craving* in the Breast ;

'Tis not this *Prison* of the Mind

Can be it's Place of *Rest*.

HERE either *human* WANTS distress ;

Or *human* PLEASURES cloy :

Or ERROR, and false *Shews* of Things

Our troubled Thoughts employ.

FROM these alike preserve my Soul,

Till I a Place may gain ;

Where, in thy PRESENCE, *Truth* is clear,

And endless *Pleasures* reign.



## SOLILOQUY.

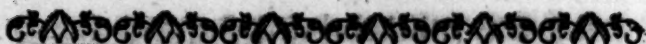
**I**S there a Joy on *Earth*, deserves my Care  
 My Hope?—Attention?—then I'll fix them *here*—  
 This one sad Lesson Life has taught me yet,  
 To *fly* the Thing I love,—or to *forget*.—

I HAD a *Father*, whose paternal Cares  
 Watch'd o'er my Wants, and nurs'd my tender Years;  
 His over-fondness thought it not a Task  
 To help me *wish*, and teach me what to *ask*.

WHEN *Education* call'd me from his Side,  
 He rais'd my Hopes, and sooth'd my little Pride;  
 He still would furnish from his *honest* Store,  
 What *Love* could think of, or *Expence* procure.  
 True *Gratitude* inspir'd my *infant* Soul,  
 Had I *Affection*! he engross'd it whole;  
 I saw no *School-fellow* myself out-shine  
 Nor wish'd another's richer Parent mine—

ERE *fifteen* Summer-Suns roll'd o'er my Head;  
 My *Hopes* were blasted, and my *Father* dead.—





*On the Death of a first Child, a little Daughter.*

SWEET *Blossom*, of the fairest Hue !  
What to thy *Memory* is due ?

Nor Floods of ever-flowing *Tears*,  
Nor *Sighs* encreasing with our Years,  
Nor *restless* Nights, nor *heavy* Days,  
Nor all, that *Sorrow* does, or says,  
Your real *Worth* can ever tell ;  
How lov'd you liv'd, how dear you fell :  
Why did your op'ning *Sense* devour  
Your *Emblem* fair, the *Summer Flow'r*,  
Why your *Intent* and piercing *Eye*,  
Portend how soon you were to die ;  
Why was the *Musick* of thy *Tongue*,  
Form'd into Words so much too young,  
And why those Words the *fondest* made,  
That could a *Parent-ear* invade ?  
In *Sickness* why each *Look* and *Sound*  
So meant to move, so sure to wound ?  
The *Parting* why more cruel made  
By *Sense* in *Death* itself display'd ?

O ! *Former* of this precious *Clay*,  
Whose *Life* you gave, and took away

Since

Since in each State she was thy own ;  
 Since ev'ry *Cause* to Thee is known :  
 Thy Sov'reign *Will* the *Reason* be,—  
 And help us to submit to Thee.



*On the Death of —*

I *N Beauty's* Mould her lovely Form was cast ;  
 Sat *Dignity*, sat *Sweetness* in her Look,  
 And *Modesty* her ev'ry *Action* grac'd :  
 For *Virtue* taught each Lesson in her Book.

Thus train'd betimes in holy Paths she trod,  
 Right well perform'd each *Duty* in its Place :  
 Was tender *Wife*, was *Parent* fond and good,  
 And gentle-minded to all human Race.

Yet not of such a *Pattern* may we boast,  
 Or doat on aught that dwells beneath the Skie :  
 One *Imperfection* all this *Merit* cross'd,  
 Sad *Imperfection* ! —She was born to die.

Bent down with Grief and prostrate o'er her *Hearse*  
 Her widow'd Husband wrote this mournful Verse,  
 Condemn'd *for ever—ever* to deplore,  
 And image *Charms*, he must behold no more,—

May

May some kind *Monument* their Story keep,  
 For *married Lovers* to repeat and weep,—  
 To future Times preserve each honest Name,  
 And what they miss'd in *Fortune*, give in *Fame*.

On a GRAVE-STONE.

ELIZA. UXOR.

Pia, sapiens, Venuſta, fidelis, ſuavis,  
 Phthiſi deceſſit Ætatis Flore 16 Maii  
 Die Aſcenſionis Dominica, 1751. S. V.  
 Cum vixerat An. 32. Dies. 6. Ex eo  
 Temp. perpetuo deſleta et deſenda.  
 Filiam ejus primogen. ante deſunctam,  
 Cum Matre ſtudit componere  
 Maritus & Pater mærens  
 Ap. 13, 1752.  
 Sed, &c. . . . .  
 Katharina Filia ſecunda . . . . .  
 ΦΕΥ ΦΕΥ ΠΙΝΘΟΣ ΟΥΝ

Friend if *Humanity* e'er touch'd thy Breast  
 In Peace reſoſing let theſe Aſhes reſt :  
 Nor dare to violate the hallow'd Duſt,  
 Till *Judgment* call, and *Earth* reſign it's Truſt,

JEPHTHA



# JEPHTHA;

A N

## ORATORIO.

Set to Musick

By JOHN STANLEY, B. M.

Organist at the *Temple*, and *St. Andrew's*  
*Holbourn.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HERE is another Oratorio of the Name of Jephtha, the Musick of which was composed by Mr. Handel. But as this has been written several Years, and that other was never seen by the Author ; it is not likely, that the Conduct of the Drama should be much the same in Parts, that admitted of Variation.

It is not necessary here to assign particular Reasons from Criticism in Support of the Opinion, that Jephtha's Daughter was not sacrificed : It is sufficient to say, that this State of Things, if probable, affording a sudden Turn, and greater Variety of Passions, was much more suited to the Purpose of Poetry : Of which there is generally little enough in these Entertainments, being too much calculated to serve the Purpose of Musick only, and allowing little or no Indulgence to Fancy, which has so much discouraged real Poets from meddling with these Compositions, that one scarce can find a sensible Song in any Oratorio.



ACT I. SCENE I. Mizpeh a City of Gilead.

*Enter Priest and Elders of Gilead.*

RECITATIVE.

*Priest.*] **B**Y endless Wars and Troubles torn  
Must *Israel's* Land for ever mourn;  
Still in these *Gentile Nations* find  
A Curse entail'd upon our Kind?  
Their Commerce *Idol-Worship* brings,  
From whence our Desolation springs:  
Polluted *Israel* quits the Living Lord;  
And *Baal* for *Jehovah* is ador'd.

CHORUS of Priests.

*Oh! injur'd God, forgive the Crimes,  
That draw thy Vengeance down:  
Reserve thy Plagues for distant Climes,  
And People not thine one.*

*Give to thy Chosen such a Chief,  
As may their Battels fight;  
Conduct him quick to our Relief  
And do thy Honour right.*

RECITATIVE.

*Elder.*] Expell'd and exil'd from his native Home,  
Forc'd with his Troops in dreary Wastes to roam,

*Per-*

Perhaps a Stranger to his Country's Woes,  
 The injur'd *Jephtha* with Resentment glows;  
 Cou'd offer'd Pow'r invite; cou'd Pray'r appease  
 From proud Oppressors he might give us ease.

## A I R.

Priest.] *Great and unconquer'd in his Soul*  
*Tho' prest by private Hate,*  
*Jephtha, where'er he lives must rule:*  
*And find; or make a State.*  
*Alone without a Friend he fled,*  
*The Desert Subjects lent;*  
*For Heav'n the favour'd Exile led:*  
*And blest him as he went.*

## RECITATIVE.

Elder.] To *Jephtha* then an Embassy we'll send,  
 And this th' important Business we commend,  
 To save his Country well nigh lost,  
 And drive proud *Ammon* from our Coast.

CHORUS of Priests and Elders.

*To save his Country, &c. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Jephtha's Banishment.*

RECITATIVE, *Jephtha alone.*

A WHILE escap'd from this licentious Train,  
 Here to th' unconscious Rocks I may complain:

My

My hardy Followers must never know  
 Their Captain felt, like common Mortals, Woe.  
 O! say Almighty shall my Host oppose  
 My cruel Kindred, or my Country's Foes?

## A I R.

*Souls like mine to Peace are Strangers ;  
 Never easy but in Dangers.  
 If I to lonely Wilds retreat,  
 'Tis not to rest but meditate.  
 This blasted Pine, that props my Head  
 And casts a naked barren Shade ;  
 The Springs, that from the Rocks below,  
 Fall, and tinkle, as they go ;  
 The Deep, the silent Vales conspire,  
 To set my thinking Soul on fire.  
 Where others never look for Rest,  
 There the Wretched find it best :  
 In daily Toils, in desp'rate Deeds ;  
 And where the hottest battle bleeds.*

SCENE III. *Enter Jephtha's Daughter.*

## RECITATIVE.

*She.* Why seeks my noble Father this Retreat  
 Heaven never made Retirement for the Great :  
 Thy Troops await thee, and a solemn Train  
 Of Mizpeh's Elders call thee back again.

## L

## A I R.

## AIR.

*Return great Chief unsheath thy vengeful Sword,  
Against these Heathen Bands the common Foe  
For thus to Honour thou may'st be restor'd,  
And I my absent Friends, and Country know.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Jephtha.* That Country hates thy Sire and thee :  
Can I my Foes with Patience see ?

## DUETTE.

*She.* They now repent ;

*He.* If you relent.

*Can I relent ?*

*She.* Tho' they repent,

*If thou reject thy Country's Prayer ;*

*Yet let thy Daughter claim thy Care.*

*He.* { *Thy lonely State and blooming Years,*

*together.* { *Move my Pity, and my Tears.*

{ *Let my lonely blooming Years*

*She.* { *Move thy Pity, not thy Tears.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Jephtha and Embassadors from Gilead.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Embass.* From Gilead's Balmy Plains thy native Home  
To Jephtha's Court Embassadors we come  
To ask Protection of thy conqu'ring Sword  
From the fierce Inroads of a Foreign Lord.

AIR

# ORATORIO.

III

## AIR.

*Think upon thy native Land,  
Thy Kindred in thy Presence plead:  
Our pow'rful Enemies withstand,  
And save us in the Time of Need.  
Canst thou see our Cities flame,  
Forgetful of a Warrior's Name?—*

## RECITATIVE.

*Jephtha.* 'Tis Change of Fortune brings this Change of Mind;

The haughty Foe may thus in Semblance sue:  
Cou'd change of Fortune work a Change of Kind;  
Then *Jephtha* might believe your Homage true.

## AIR.

*Embass.* For past Injuries receive  
The best Atonement we can give  
The Pow'r of Sov'reign take;  
If thou thy Banner once display,  
Thy Services will well repay;  
The Off'ring that we make.

## RECITATIVE.

*Jephtha.* Shall Gilead ever be believ'd  
By one it hath so much deceiv'd?

L. 2

*Embass-*



*Embass.]* When solemn Oaths and great *Jehovah's* Name  
Confirm our Words, thou mayst believe the same.

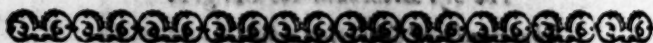
A P P.

*Jephtha.]* Then haughty Ammon dread my lifted Spear,  
I spare my Country, but with thee I war.  
Better to breath this private Rage  
Against an hostile Band,  
With them a double War I'll wage,  
And save my native Land.

Grand CHORUS.

Source of our Hope, our Strength in Arms,  
Thy Country's best Defence and Shield;  
We fear not Ammon's vain Alarms,  
If Jephtha lead us to the Field.

The End of the first A C T.



ACT. II SCENE I. Mizpeh in Gilead.

*Elders and Concourse of People in Mizpeh.*

RECITATIVE.

*1st. Elder.]* **W**ith open Arms thy Country once ingrate  
Receives thee, *Jephtha* to a kingly State;  
Hear each throng'd Edifice thy Praise proclaim,  
And Mothers teach their Babes to lisp thy Name :

With

With Harp and Tabret see our Youth advance,  
To hail thy coming with the joyous Dance.

## A I R.

*Jephtha is as good as great :  
Hail him to his native Seat :  
For his Feet your Garments lay,  
Strow the Palm-branch in his Way.  
Ye tender Virgins sing the Hero's Praise,  
Who brings you Liberty and happy Days.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jephtha.*] Fathers the Pomp is past ; it now remains,  
I speak my Sentiments with you apart,  
This Ideot-Joy, this empty Rabble praise  
Might catch a weak, and experienc'd Man ;  
And make him rest on popular Applause.  
Great in my Fall unmov'd I saw your Rage,  
And now restor'd, I trust not your Esteem.

## A I R.

*The faithful Shepherd, that would keep  
Free from Harm his simple Sheep,  
Must hold the Crook athwart, their Way,  
And check them, when they go astray :  
Else the wild Lambskins of the Flock,  
When sporting on the sunny Rock,  
Might from a Precipice too near,  
Rush headlong in their high Career.*

*Just such a Pow'r the Vulgar Herd,  
Must able Rulers give;  
The Foolish from themselves to guard,  
And teach them how to live.*

## CHORUS.

Elders.] *Jephtha we give thee all thou canst demand:  
A Pow'r to rule us with a Father's Hand.*

## RECITATIVE.

My Friends, this *Contract* is a *sacred* Thing:  
These Words we utter now *before the Lord*,  
The *Homage* tender'd by your *Embassy*.  
If you here *ratify* I will accept;  
And then can *fight* your *Battles*, be your *Chief*;  
Else the *Foe's* *Laughing-Stock* I must remain,  
At *Need* deserted by a *fickle* Train.

## SCENE II. Ambassador from Ammon.

*Jephtha the King of Ammon* bids us tell  
The Cause, that moves him to commence this War,  
Are certain Lands withheld from his Domain;  
'Twixt *Jabbock*, *Arnon* and the *Jordan's* Stream.

## AIR.

*When Tyrants feel their Pow'r increase;  
Too restless then to live at Peace,  
They seek a Cause of War.  
The Scene of Conquest has no End;  
Wide their ambitious Views extend,  
To Countries distant far.*

Till

*Till Justice rises for her Cause,  
And in Defence of Nature's Laws:*

*Her Sword opposes high;  
No human Efforts can withstand  
Her irresistible Command,  
The crowded Armies fly.*

*The plumed Chief, who led them forth,  
Conscious of his diminish'd Worth,  
Distrusts his murmur'ing Bands,  
No longer Lord in foreign Fields,  
His Court and Capital he yields,  
To stay the Victor's Hands.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jephtha.*] Go bear the King of *Ammon* this Reply,  
What *Israel* conquer'd from the *Amorite*;  
Was never deem'd a Portion of his Land.  
'Tis ours by Conquest, and three hundred Years,  
Yet unmolested have we held the same:  
He makes this Claim, reposing on his Might,  
But God shall judge, and Arms decide the Right.

## A I R.

*To thee, Almighty, I my Cause commend,  
Be Man my Foe, if thou but prove my Friend:  
And hear my Vows; when to my native Soil,  
I come with Conquest laden and with Spoil:*

*Whatever*

*Whatever then before my Doors I meet,  
My safe Return, approaching first to greet,  
Shall to the Lord in Recompence be given,  
And mount by Fire a Sacrifice to Heaven.*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

SONGS and CHORUS of Women.

## DUETTE.

1st. Vir.] *O Hateful War that did convey,  
My best below'd so far away.*

2d. Vir.] *Degen'rate Maid thy Cry forbear,  
His Country calls the Youth to War:  
That idle Claim of Love resign,  
The publick Good takes Place of Thine.*

1st. Vir.] *Heart of Steel,  
That cannot feel  
The sad foreboding Lover's Pain:  
As Passions turn,  
I freeze, I burn,  
And die with Despair of his coming again.*

2d. Vir.] *That idle Claim of Love resign  
The publick Good takes Place of thine.*

1st. Vir.] *O the foreboding Lover's Pain,  
As Passions turn,  
I freeze, I burn,  
And die with Despair of his coming again.*

A I R.



AIR.

*When horrid Wars the jarring World divide,  
E'en the fond Bridegroom leaves his weeping Bride,  
Ah! what avails him to have been carest,  
Lull'd in her Arms, supported on her Breast.*

*Now pale and wan,  
She views the Man  
With gushing Wound,  
Bede the Ground;  
No Hand so good,  
To stop the Flood:*

*But in the Battle's wild Uproar,  
See how they trample him in his Gore.*

SCENE II. *Alarm of warlike Musick.*

*Enter Jephtha's Daughter.*

RECITATIVE.

*Methought I heard the distant Din of War,  
The Trumpet chearing the low-murmuring Drum,  
And intermingled Shouts of Victory.  
What means this Face of Sadness, that ye wear.  
Is it not Victory my Father brings?  
Then meet him with each pompous Circumstance,  
With Timbrel, Song, and heart-reviving Dance,  
I'll lead the Band and bring him Joy for Joy.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Martial Musick.**Enter Jephtha, Priest, Levites and Soldiers.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Jeph.*] Here halt my Friends, and rest upon your Arms;  
 Ere to the City we direct our Course,  
 To yonder House in private and alone,  
 I wou'd repair—alas! what strikes my Ear?—  
 Heart-racking Sounds of most untimely Joy.

*Re-enter Jephtha's Daughter.**CHORUS. of Women and others.*

*Welcome, thrice welcome Heroes to our View,  
 What Thanks, what Thanks are to the Soldier due?  
 The Brook was his Drink, and the Earth was his Bed,  
 And the Sky was the Canopy over his Head,  
 Nor Danger he dreaded nor Hunger, nor Toil,  
 While he fought for his Friends and his native Soil.*

## AIR.

*But your first Praises still on him bestow,  
 Who led our untried Bands to charge the Foe,  
 Whose Presence all the lengthning Host inspir'd,  
 And drooping Ranks with new-born Courage fir'd;  
 They saw him waving high his flaming Sword,  
 And heard him give the Death-dispensing Word.*

## Grand CHORUS.

*They saw him waving high his flaming Sword,  
 And heard him give the Death-dispensing Word.*

RECE-

RECITATIVE. *Enter Jephtha's Daughter.*

Here let me stop and thank indulgent Heav'n,  
Which to my Arms my noble Sire has giv'n ;  
How faint an Emblem is thy People's Joy,  
Of the warm Motions which my Heart employ.

*Jephtha.*] Oh bitter oh unspeakable Distress !  
How shall I utter it —my Child; my Child,  
Thy Presence troubles me—oh guess the rest,  
Thy Father is an Abject Conqueror,  
My Mouth hath spoken what I must fulfil.

*Short Symphony of tender Distress and Lamentation.*

## DUETTE.

She. *Let nothing e'er disturb thy Peace ;*  
*Undaunted in her Mind,*  
*Thy Daughter seeks not a Release,*  
*From what thou hast design'd.*

He. O ! 'Tis a bloody bloody Thought  
*Thou sal'st a Sacrifice !*  
*The Vict'ry is too dearly bought,*  
*That comes at such a Price.*

RECITATIVE.

*Levite.*] *Jephtha* whate'er might be thy thoughtless Vow  
Thou mad'st it with a Purpose to appease ;  
Not to offend thy God ; can'st think him like  
Blood-sucking *Baal*? or the fiery King ;

Dark

Dark *Moloch* ? that delights in Parents Tears,  
And cries of Children torn from their Embrace.

## A I R.

*Curst* Superstition, deadly Taint !  
Thou worst Disorder of the human Frame,  
That mak'st a Sinner think himself a Saint,  
And Merit giv'st—To VICE, to VIRTUE Blame.

Shut from the Light, the Truth of Things,  
Thy Vor'ries thus in endless Error rove,  
Receiving what deluded Fanny brings,  
As Tidings sent them from the LORD above.

Thou Child of Ignorance and Guilt,  
What hideous Forms before thy Altars Bow ?  
Red with the Blood of human Creatures spilt  
And grim and frightful as the Fiends below.

## RECITATIVE.

Priest. What Priests, what Rites, oh *Jephtha* must attend  
Thy bloody Offering ? the Law abhors,  
The Gentile Stain of human Sacrifice.  
One way alone may'st thou devote thy Child,  
To the strict Service of the *Nazarite*,  
And separate her from the Joys of Life.

## A I R.

*Jephtha*. Oh lend me Priest thy pious Aid,  
Kindly compose my straggling Mind ;

# ORATORIO.

121

*Of an offended God afraid, and with a sigh  
Yet touch'd with Pity to my Kind.*

## RECITATIVE.

I vow'd whatever met me at my Doors,  
Shou'd be the Lord's, an Off'ring burnt with Fire;

*Priest.* Thus far thy Vow was absolute, it meant;  
To give some Gift for ever to thy God:

Else had the Custom of the *Nazarite*,

Allow'd thy Daughter after such a Term;

To re-assume her former State of Life:

Now like the Sacrifice, that ne'er returns,

To him, who burnt it, but ascends to Heav'n,

Thy Daughter is for ever separate,

A *Virgin* hallow'd from the Touch of Man.

## A. R.

*Jeph.* Where Life's unsocial it is next to Death;

So poor a Privilege is vital Breath!

With Grief I see my hasty Vow fulfill'd;

Forlorn and Childless in a barren Child.

Ah! what avails the Glory I have won?

My Race extinguish'd, and my House undone.

## RECITATIVE.

*Jeph. Daughter.* My Father, if the Tenour of thy Vow  
Require me aught to suffer that inflict;

I've liv'd to ev'ry Purpose of my Life,

M

Who,



Who see thee thus return in Triumph home,  
A little Respite is the whole I ask,  
Till twice the waining Moon her Course hath run.

## A I R.

*Permit me on the Mountains,  
I.e. the Fall of Fountains;  
Or in some wild sequester'd Glade,  
For plaintive Melancholy made,  
To sweep the Fate I must sustain,  
Attended by my Virgin Train;  
That Virgin Train, who hope to prove  
The blissful Joys of wedded Love. Cho. That Virgin, &c.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Jeph.* Nature pleads strongly for thee—thou shalt go,  
Wou'd it were in my Pow'r to grant thee more.—  
Thou hast thy Father's Soul, and wilt return—  
My Sorrows grow too big—Farewel my Child.

*Exeunt Jephtha, Priest, Levites and Soldiers, Air of  
Martial Musick.*

## SCENE IV.

*Jephtha's Daughter, and Attendants.*

## A I R.

*Let future Times my tender Story tell;  
How warm in Youth I bade the World farewell,  
In Life's gay Pride, from Joy and Grandeur driven,  
To fall a blooming Sacrifice to Heaven.*

*1<sup>st</sup>. Virg.*

## DUETTE.

1st. Virg. *From Year to Year will we return,  
With thee in Solitude to mourn.*

2d. Virg. *Think not our State more form'd than thine,  
To give us Happiness;  
But just as Providence divine,  
Shall please each State to bless.*

1st. Virg. *Your Days may pass in calm Repose;  
That no Excess of Passion knows.*

2d. Virg. *While sad Alternatives our Times employ,  
And make a chequer'd Scene of Grief, and Joy.*

## CHORUS.

*From Year to Year, will we return,  
With thee in Solitude to mourn.*





The S T O R Y of  
S U S A N N A,

An *ethick* POEM.

Inscribed to Miss SUKEY COMBE.

*Just such as you, so lovely and so Fair  
So chaste and good was she, whose Name you bear,  
May Heav'n, if e'er you choose to be a Wife,  
From her Misfortunes guard your peaceful Life:  
And from your Angel-Innocence remove  
All rude Invasions of unlawful Love.*

**E**Mbattel'd Hosts with dreadful Splendor bright,  
And Heroes meeting in the Shock of Fight,  
Sublimèr Themes! to *Epick* Strains belong;  
An humble Subject *moralize* my Song.  
A studious Ear may *Britain's* Daughters lend,  
And trace the Pattern, which they must commend.  
When, Ages since, the proud *Affirian* stood  
The mighty Monarch of the World subdu'd;  
Then flourish'd *Babylon*; from every Soil,  
Or throng'd with Captives, or enrich'd with Spoil:  
Then *Sion*, wasted by his destin'd Hand,  
Was led a Captive to a foreign Land.

But

But the hard Yoak at length the Victor eas'd,  
And dawning Liberty with Time encreas'd :  
The mournful Captive felt his milder Reign,  
Shook off the Dust and now reviv'd again.  
Intent on Arts her Fate no more she mourns,  
With Love of Life rich Industry returns.  
But chief o'er all for Riches, Pow'r, and Fame,  
One stood renown'd, and *Joachim* his Name :  
Like him to please not one so rightly knew,  
Not one so honour'd, or so wealthy grew.  
Some free-born Prince the Captive *Jew* appear'd,  
So much the Favour of his Lord he shar'd.  
When lo ! yet wanting to his happy State,  
*Chelchia's* Daughter made his Joys compleat :  
In the fair *Israelite* at once were join'd  
The brightest Person, and devoutest Mind :  
From her first Years were *Moses' Laws* instill'd,  
And the good Parents made the pious Child.  
Thus *Joachim* advanc'd above the rest,  
Blest in his Fortune, in his Marriage blest,  
With open Gates his Nation still receiv'd,  
The Elders honour'd, and the Poor reliev'd.  
Within his Palace each Debate was heard,  
And chief the Judges of his Favour shar'd,  
But what good Act th' ungrateful Wretch can bind,  
Or what reclaim, when Lust enslaves the Mind?  
*Susanna's* Charms, (for such his Consort's Name)  
For holy Friendship rais'd the foulest Flame,

As in the Flow'r which gives the Bee its Sweets,  
Th' invenom'd Spider naught but Poison meets.

Now *Joachim* a spacious House had rear'd,  
The Owner's Grandeur in the Pile appear'd:  
Th' adjoining Garden long continu'd Rows  
Of stately Trees, and lofty Walls enclose.  
Within the Spot each Fruit that's grateful grew,  
Each Flow'r delicious to the Smell or View:  
The mantling Vine its loaded Branches spread,  
The Olive rear'd its party-colour'd Head.  
Its hidden Gems unwilling to disclose  
A sordid Coat the sweet Pomegranate shows.  
The pale-hu'd Lillies spangled o'er the Ground,  
And intermingled Roses blush'd around.  
Delightful Order gave to all a Grace,  
And Art with Nature vy'd to bless the Place.  
But tow'rd the mid'st no more the Flow'rets smil'd;  
The labour'd Garden ended in a Wild.  
First' gainst the Sun its Leaf the Fig-tree spreads;  
Within, a various Growth exalt their Heads:  
Their Shades the Sycomore and Cedar join,  
The branching Palm-tree and the dusky Pine.  
But in the Center, where the winding Way  
Ended at length, a flow'ry Circus lay;  
Its oval Limits Myrtle-Arbors crown'd,  
A Marble-Bason grac'd the middle Ground,  
Three Founts by subterraneous Ducts supply'd  
Rise from its Waves, and in its Waves subside:

These



SUSANNA, an *ethick* POEM. 127

These when to cease some hidden Work commands,  
Ting'd on the Flood each neighb'ring Object stands.  
A *Sylvan* Scene's reflected to the Sight,  
And Trees beneath shut out the nether Light.

EACH Noon retiring still *Susanna* went  
To seek the friendly Cool her Garden lent.  
For then the Season, when the Groves allay  
With their fresh Shades the Scorching of the Day.  
Th' attentive Judges ev'ry Motion view,  
And still in Thought the absent Fair pursue:  
See her unveil'd beneath some Arbour lie,  
Courting the Breeze, all charming to the Eye.  
Fancy improves whate'er Desire conceives,  
And each warm With a light Enjoyment gives.  
Thus while each fans, th' inglorious Flame he feels;  
Conscience in vain their hated Duty tells:  
Their growing Raptures all Restraint remove;  
Religion, Friendship, what are ye to Love?  
But yet, tho' veh'ment, hopeless was their Pain;  
'They saw her daily, but they saw in vain.  
Both to conceal their lawless Passions try;  
Shame guards each Word, each Motion of the Eye.  
Happy had either with his Anguish pin'd,  
And the foul Flame within himself confin'd:  
But once as whilst with usual Care they wait  
The long-wish'd op'ning of the Garden-Gate;

The

The one to cloak the Cause of his Delay,  
 With seeming Wonder chides his Friend away;  
 " Home let's repair since Noon's Repast is near,  
 " Why over-careful do we linger here?  
 " Our Clients to their Tasks in Peace are gone,  
 " And now the Business of the Day is done."

THIS said, they part; and slowly homeward turn,  
 With the same Thought their twin-born Passions burn.  
 Secure alone each hopes the Fair to move,  
 And turns obedient to the Calls of Love.  
 Thus when we cease the Needle to controul,  
 It trembles back and seeks th' attracting Pole:

Now divers Ways the House approaching near,  
 Each sudden turns, and meets his Brother there..  
 Silent they stop, and lost in wild Surprise,  
 Betray the Guilt, they labour to disguise:  
 By this embolden'd one his Friend address'd,  
 And thus persuasive to Confession press'd:  
 Since the same Act the same Intention shows,  
 Agree, my Friend, the Secret to disclose;  
 Confirm by Words, what Looks so well impart,  
 Forget to blush, and pour out all thy Heart.  
 The pleasing Motion th' other straight obey'd,  
 Threw off the Mask, and thus in Raptures said.

LOVE in my Soul with wild Dominion reigns,  
 And captive Virtue droops beneath its Chains.

But

But why with Virtue do I grate thine Ear,  
 Or what avails our false Appearance here?  
 Alone *Susanna* oft I wish'd to find.  
 My Thought's the same, the other quick rejoin'd;  
 Hence with united Cunning we'll pursue,  
 Our common Joy, the lovely Prize in View.  
 What tho' a Partner Love refuse to bear;  
 Lust less refin'd allows a Friend to share.  
 But grant alone her Converse we'd enjoy'd;  
 And Eloquence with all its Charms employ'd;  
 Where stern Religion holds its stubborn Reign;  
 Wit is but Folly, Eloquence but vain:  
 Keen-sighted Chastity the Snare descies,  
 And sees the Crime in all its Blackness rise.  
 Far better Means this happy Juncture shows;  
 Oft to her Garden, and alone she goes:  
 There be we hid, and when the Fair we spy,  
 Her Choice shall be to pleasure us, or die.  
 Then if the Fool relentless still refuse;  
 This specious Fiction shall the Rout abuse;  
 How in unlawful Commerce there we found  
 Some unknown Youth, who leap'd the Garden Mound.  
 Our Word decisive bears so strong a Sway,  
 None e'er will question what their Rulers say.  
 Thus to our Quiet in the fair One's Fall,  
 Our Hopes and Fears alike shall perish all.  
 Her Pray'rs, her Tears, her Charms shall fail to move;  
 'Tis not the Object, but the Crime we love.

WITH

WITH Cunning thus their Stratagem design'd,  
 A Time to execute full soon they find.  
 Thus ends the Day; the Noon succeeding brought  
 True to their Hopes the Happiness they sought.  
*Susanna* then, for forth her Lord was gone,  
 All but her Servants, deem'd herself alone:  
 These she commands to shut the Garden-Gate,  
 Next at her Fountain with a Lotion wait.  
 Their Mistress' Orders thus perform'd with Care,  
 Back thro' a private Door they strait repair.  
 To the cool Grove *Susanna* goes in haste,  
 And brush'd the lurking Judges as she past.  
 As in the Wild some heedless Lambkin strays,  
 And round the Lion's Den unwitting plays,  
 The Lovers saw, and kindling at the Sight,  
 Impatient rush to snatch the dear Delight:  
 With ardent Gaze devour her promis'd Charms,  
 And round her Bosom clasp their trembling Arms:  
 Redoubled Transport from her Touch receive,  
 And thus in fault'ring Words their Meaning give.

BLUSH not, fair Daughter, lay aside thy Fear,  
 In Silence only lend a patient Ear:  
 To bless our faithful long-conceal'd Desires,  
 Behold how Fortune now at length conspires:  
 Thou know'st our Pow'r, if rashly thou refuse,  
 Thy Fame, tho' spotless, dies, when we accuse,

Thou

SUSANNA, an *ethick* POEM. 131

Thus far she hear'd.—'Tis Death, your Will deny'd, —  
And Death to grant it, with a Shriek she cry'd :

Th' unusual Noise th' astonisht Servants hear,  
And thronging at the private Door appear.  
With ready Lie the old Deceivers wait;  
This breathless stands beside the open'd Gate;  
That holds th' Offender, and aloud exclaims,  
Declares her Lewdness, and her Treach'ry blames.  
The wond'ring Crowd with Pain the Tale believ'd,  
And all abash'd the swooning Fair receiv'd.

THUS ends the Day ; the Morn succeeding rose ;  
To *Joachim's* the full Assembly goes.  
Early the wakeful Judges haste away,  
Their own Affair forbids their usual Stay.  
With Fear of Shame and Thirst of Vengeance fraught,  
They strait command *Suzanna* to be brought.  
The mournful Matron with her Kin appears,  
A friendly Train with sympathizing Tears :  
Her wond'ring Infants on her Garments hung,  
And her sad Parents slowly led the Throng.  
These all the Firmness of her Virtue knew,  
But few esteem'd their partial Voices true ;  
A thousand various Ways her Case is told,  
By the rash Young, or too censorious Old.  
And now before the Judgment-Seat she stood ;  
When first the Elders thus bespoke the Crowd,  
The modest Veil from off the Strumpet tear,

From



From conscious Blushes let her Guilt appear.  
The Face of Innocence expos'd to View,  
A Flood of Tears from each Beholder drew.  
But other Thoughts her curs'd Accusers fire,  
What gave these Pity, gave to them Desire.  
Now rising each in awful Judgment stands,  
Her guiltless Head sustains their impious Hands,  
Weeping to Heav'n she makes a silent Pray'r,  
And places all her Hopes of Safety there:  
Whilst they to prejudice the People sought,  
And jointly thus their Accusation brought.  
As in an Arbour Yesterday we lay,  
To shun the Scorching of the sultry Day;  
Sudden there open'd wide a privy Gate,  
*Susanna* enters, and her Servants wait.  
To these some secret Business she pretends,  
And hasty thence, and unsuspecting sends:  
Soon as she saw her prying Tendance gone,  
And all exulting thought herself alone;  
The faithless Wretch, the Darling of her Lord,  
And, as their Pattern, by her Sex ador'd;  
Ardent to meet some strange Adult'rer came,  
Alike forgetful of her Love and Fame;  
Our Indignation kindled at the View,  
And quick to seize him both at once we flew.  
But o'er our Age with Ease the Youth prevail'd,  
Sprung from our Arms, and quick the Gate assail'd.  
She still remain'd, yet all in vain we strove,  
To learn the Object of so base a Love.—

*Susanna*

*Susanna* then her Silence meekly broke,——  
A Sigh came struggling with each Word she spoke.  
Almighty God ! who present ev'ry where,  
Se'est all the Wickedness transacted here ;  
How ill thy Delegates dispense thy Pow'r,  
How unconcern'd the Innocent devour ?  
Let not the Wicked thus pervert thy Laws,  
Rise, Judge of all, and vindicate my Cause :  
Purge off the Stain of this pretended Guilt :  
Nor thus unjustly let my Blood be spilt.——

IN vain she spake, th' Assembly hasts away,  
Nor thought it more than Criminals would say.  
But he, to whom she thus address'd her Pray'r.  
Heard the Distress, which, scap'd the human Ear :  
For now the Innocent Death was led,  
And the vain Hope of Life and Respite fled ;  
When midst the Tumult of the gath'ring Crowd,  
Hark, a glad Voice ! which thus proclaims aloud :  
" From *Isr'els* Folly I myself am clear,  
" The Curse of Bloodshed let the Guilty bear."  
All look attentive where the Voice was heard ;  
When lo ! a Youth of Form divine appear'd ;  
Who ardent thus pursu'd the Theme begun :  
" On Sins so heinous blindly can ye run ?  
" Shall thus a Daughter of our Nation die ;  
" The Truth important thus in Darkness lie ?

“ Shall false Accusers with such Ease deceive,  
“ And their fair Shew so vast Assurance give ?”

This said, the People back at once return,  
And joyful all with Expectation burn.

Mean while the Elders thus address'd the Youth,  
Hail ! Heav'nly chosen Advocate for Truth !

Amongst ourselves Elected take thy Seat.  
And dauntless here the wond'rous Tale repeat.

Then *Daniel* thus, (for that his Name) reply'd,

From mutual Converse first the two divide ;  
Left farther Measures to deceive they take,

Elude our Caution and by Compact speak.

His prudent Counsel is with Care obey'd ;

One first advanc'd ; when rising thus he said ;

Thou old in Sin, the Guilt so lately done,

Shews in what Tenour all thy Days have run.

Thus could ye trample on the sacred Law,

And slay the Innocent, so void of Awe ?

Our injur'd Daughters by your Threats compell,

To act the Crime, and acted to conceal ?

Now say (since falsely yet assert ye dare)

Beneath what Tree ye found the guilty Fair.

The trembling Sinner stupid with Surprise,

Fault'ring, at length, a Mastick-tree replies.

His Silence then the youthful Elder broke,

And sternly thus in comely Anger spoke.

Fool, to thy Crimes an End at length is giv'n,

Tho' late the Blow of long-forbearing Heav'n.

But

But see the Partner of thy Follies come,  
 Whose dreaded Answer seals your Doom.  
 Say, wicked Judge, beneath what Tree were laid  
 Th' offending Pair? Beneath an Holm he said.  
 Then the same sad upbraiding Lesson heard,  
 And the same Sentence with his Brother shar'd.  
 Loud Shouts of Joy on all Sides gather round,  
 And *Daniel's* Praise in ev'ry Mouth is found.  
 Chief the glad Parents in the Joy partake,  
 And *Hallelujah's* to *Jehovah* make:  
 Own injur'd Innocence his special Care,  
 Embrace their Child, and drop a tender Tear  
 The Death, the Elders for the Fair design'd,  
 Judg'd by the Law themselves deserv'dly find:  
 To Life and Fame *Susanna* thus restor'd,  
 Return'd more lovely to her joyful Lord.

This Poem of SUSANNA was written when the Author  
 was very young, first printed in the Year 1730.





# JUDITH,

AN

## HEROICK POEM.

*Written at Hemsworth in YORKSHIRE in the  
Months of November and December, 1730.*

—Εἶδα δὲ οἱ θελήτρια πάντα τίτυκτο,  
Εἶδ' ἐν μὲν φιλότῳ, ἐν δ' ἱμερῳ, ἐν δ' ὀαρινῷ,  
Πάρφατος, ἥ τ' ἔλαψι κῶν πύκα πρὶς φροσίνῳ.

—Αὐτὸς γὰρ εἰς ἀπ' ἀδίδου ἡν ἀμύντω  
Ζεὺς, ἔς μιν πλεόησσι μετ' ἀνδράσι ΘΗΛΥΝ ΕΟΥΛΑΝ  
Τίμα κ' κῶδαισι—

Homer's Iliad.

### CANTO I.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*A Description of the Assyrian Army, the Distresses of  
the City Bethulia, the Character of Judith a Widow,  
and her Conference with the Elders of the Place.*

**I** Sing the Dame, whose more than Female Hand,  
Dislodg'd whole Armies from her native Land :  
Taught the gay Victor to distrust his Sword,  
And Peace and Safety to her Friends restor'd.

O THOU,



O THOU, whose *Wisdom* first her Soul impell'd,  
Whose *Pow'r* protected thro' the hostile Field,  
Instruct my Fancy o'er those Plains to rove,  
And trace thy wondrous Providence, and Love.

A num'rous Host, which round *Bethulia* lay,  
Fill'd all the Land with Terror and Dismay.  
Elate in Heart the vain *Affrian* sent,  
And bade them ravage whereso'er they went,  
Deal Death to all, who durst dispute his Sway,  
Fields, Cities, Realms in Wastes and Ruins lay.

He spoke; obedient to the Tyrant's Word,  
The sweeping Armies o'er the Nations pour'd.

EARTH scarce sustain'd their Number; where they pass,  
Dry was the *River*, and the *Village* waste.  
Beyond the Reach of View, below, above,  
Stretch the long Troops, and Hills, and Valleys move.

THESE to withstand *Bethulia* strove in vain,  
Lost were her Springs, and Heav'n withheld its Rain.  
Prest with the Rage of Thirst, and sunk with Fear  
The sick'ning Crowd a Face of Sadness wear:  
The frantick Women sent their Shrieks around,  
And fainting Infants gasp'd upon the Ground;  
The ling'ring Death unable to sustain  
The clam'rous Populace aloud complain,

Till the weak *Elders* by the Cry compell'd  
On the fifth Day consent the Town to yield.

THIS *Judith* saw, a Woman great and good,  
With all the Beauty of her Sex endu'd.  
A Widow she, but such her Life, and Fame,  
Scandal itself was silent at her Name.  
Devotion still seren'd her peaceful Mind:  
In Dangers constant, and in Woes resign'd:  
Much she revolv'd on what had lately past,  
And call'd the *Elders* to her House in Haste.

FATHERS, said she, too rashly have you run  
To meet the Evil, which you still may shun.  
What tho' his Succour God a while forbear,  
In the last hopeless Moment he can spare,  
Defeat the Strength of yon devouring Host,  
And drive them spoil'd and scatter'd from our Coast.  
But think not Man! vain Creature! may presume,  
To teach his Maker, or to choose his Doom.  
Oft has afflicted *Isr'el* been restor'd,  
None trust in vain the Mercy of the Lord.  
Our *Resignation* still he means to try,  
We live if patient, if we murmur die.  
Learn this hard Burthen for a Time to bear,  
And God relenting will his People hear.  
Not now averse, as when our Fathers stood,  
In *Baal's* Temple, and to *Idols* bow'd.

When

When lost, abandon'd, and with Sin defil'd,  
Strangers with Licence all their Riches spoil'd;  
Or dreadful *Midian* to the Dens and Rocks,  
In chace pursu'd them, like the herded Flocks:  
No *Idol* now is found in all our Coasts;  
No God is worship'd but the Lord of Hosts,  
And shall we Miscreants to the Foe give Way,  
And leave his House and Sanctuary a Prey?  
For *Judah* round, by our Default compell'd,  
To Hands profane their holy Things must yield:  
How better far our dearest Blood were spilt,  
Than we Partakers in so foul a Guilt?  
How worse than Death our Slavery must prove,  
Opprest below, and cursed from above?  
No Hope of better Days our Souls to cheer,  
*Remorse* our Comfort and our *Friend* despair!  
Ah! change we for a worse our present State?  
Who love the *Treachery*, the *Traitors* hate.  
The gen'rous Soul, whose bleeding Country lies,  
Smoaking around in one sad Sacrifice,  
Who late resigns his *unavailing* Sword,  
Who holds his *Virtue*, tho' he change his Lord,  
May meet Compassion from the *fiercest* Foe,  
May smile in Bondage, and out-live his *Woe*.  
But *Traitors*, base *Destroyers* of their Kind,  
Who seek the Favour, which they never find,  
Groan out a Life the thankless *Victor's* Sport,  
In some mean *Office*, where they cannot hurt.

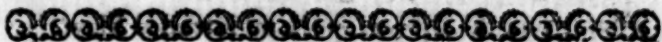
No!

No! let us face the horrid Front of War,  
 God on our Side, the utmost Perils dare:  
 Here stay, till *Death's whistle* force us hence,  
 Or live our Country's GLORY and DEFENCE.

To this the *Elders'*; much thy Speeches charm,  
 With Sense persuasive, and with Courage warm:  
 E'en now, as ever, in thy Words we find  
 The wise Composure of an holy Mind,  
 That fixt, obedient to its Maker's Will  
 Unruffled hears, and sees, and judges still.  
 But think how sore the People were distress'd,  
 How just their Suit; how importunately prest:  
 Nor blame thy Servants, that we should comply,  
 Left without Pow'r, tho' willing to deny.  
 This the last Refuge, that we now can have,  
 And thou e'en then the sinking State must save.  
 In Sight of Heav'n our Sufferings to display,  
 Weep for our Sins, for speedy Succour pray.—  
 —Hear me, said she, and from her lovely Eyes;  
 The fiercer Light of bright'ning Anger flies.  
 If none shall dare to set his Country free,  
 E'en I myself your *Championess* will be.  
 When Night approaches, my Arrival wait,  
 And give me Passage at the City-Gate,  
 Within the Space, your dastard Souls assign,  
 Behold yon Camp, yon mighty Army mine.  
 But how, at present, I forbear to speak,  
 Or share my Thoughts, with Counsellors so weak:

So shall my Deed your Admiration raise,  
And late *Posterity* proclaim my Praise.

And sure it must, tho' *Poets* never join  
Their pious Verse, and make their Story thine;  
Unmov'd thy better Monument shall stand,  
And brave the Force of Time's destroying Hand,  
The well pleas'd Virgin shall thy Act record,  
And sing thy Praise, where'er thy God's ador'd,  
Till his last Trumpet shake this solid Ball,  
And coming Kingdom overshadow all.



## CANTO II.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Judith having dismissed the Elders, prepares for her Expedition to the Camp of Holofernes, with no other Attendant but her faithful Maid.*

THE hopeless Elders by her Courage fir'd,  
Bless'd her Design, and thoughtful all retir'd.  
Their busy Minds no certain Prospect boast,  
In the wild Mazes of Conjecture lost;  
While *Judith* earnest on her Purpose spread,  
Repentant Ashes on her lovely Head.  
What Time the Priests their holy Voices rais'd,  
And in *Jerusalem* the Altar blaz'd;

Devoutly



Devoutly prostrate to the Earth she falls,  
And thus in Anguish to the Almighty calls.

God of our Fathers—by whose Pow'r and Word  
The hardy *Simeon* \* drew the vengeful Sword,  
'Gainst those who durst thine Heritage defile.  
A single *Virgin* of her Honour spoil;  
Unpiti'd on their Thrones the Princes bled,  
Wild Carnage stain'd the *mattrimonial* Bed:  
Monarch and Slave the hasty Faulchion gor'd,  
And slaughter'd Subjects groan'd around their Lord.  
Thus 'gainst th' *Affyrians* speed th' intended Blow,  
Thus *universal* be their Overthrow.  
Who blind, presumptuous, trusting in their Might,  
Require no Helper but themselves in Fight.  
Vain Men! who glory in the Sword and Spear,  
Their Horse, their Chariots, and the Pomp of War.  
Careless of him, who warreth from the Skies,  
They know thee not, or if they know, despise;  
Make vain the Strength in which the mighty trust,  
And humble yon proud Army in the Dust.  
How pleas'd thy Vengeance would myself perform,  
O! give thy Servant to direct the Storm;  
O! may my Speeches all their Host ensnare,  
And for thy chosen let a Woman war.  
So shall *Omnipotence* more plain be seen,  
Which self-sufficient needs no Help of Men;

No

\* Gen. xxxiv. 2, 25.

No mighty Armies to perform its Will,  
 Can raise the weak, and bid the vanquish'd kill.  
 Then shall these Spoilers with Confusion own,  
 The God of *Israel* is God alone.  
 Thy People rescu'd all their Voices raise,  
 And ev'ry Nation echo to thy Praise.

THUS as the Fair her Adoration ends,  
 She leaves her Tent, and to the House descends,  
 For there, retiring, since her Husband dy'd,  
 In mournful Solitude she chose to 'bide.  
 Nor e'er enjoy'd the Grandeur she possess'd,  
 But on the *Sabbath*, or a solemn Feast.  
 Not vainly gay, with *Female* Lightness weak,  
 She only deck'd her for Religion's Sake.  
 Now, nor till now, the Gazer's Eyes to move,  
 And raise short Flames of transitory Love.  
 In Office near her trusty Servant stands,  
 And aids her Actions with assistant Hands:  
 From long neglected Stores they first unfold,  
 Rich Garments stiff with Broidery of Gold.  
 Selecting each with careful Eye surveys,  
 What else might *Love*, or *Admiration* raise.  
 Next to attire the beauteous Dame prepares,  
 Fresh from the Bath, and sweet with fragrant Airs.  
 Her Hair in Braidings curiously dispos'd,  
 Within a Net of Gold she first inclos'd;

On

On this aloft, with clust'ring Jewels grac'd,  
Majestick Dress! the fair *Tiara* plac'd.  
Far-beaming Pendants glitter in her Ears,  
And either Hand a graceful Bracelet wears.  
Her Robe, that waving o'er her Sandals flow'd,  
Receiv'd new Colours from each Step she trod,  
While fast behind her trusty Servant bears,  
The light Provisions of their future Wars.  
And now at distance the expecting Throng,  
Beheld her shining, as she mov'd along.  
Such as long since, her Husband's Heart to glad,  
In all the *Panoply* of Beauty clad.  
O'er each sad Countenance new Gladness stole,  
And sudden Hope awaken'd in the Soul.  
As when some *Star* forth-breaking from the Night,  
Of dark'ning Clouds displays its glorious Light,  
Where out at Sea the weary Vessel plies,  
'Twixt *Rocks* and Shoals the dang'rous Passage lies:  
The helpless Pilot doubtful what the Coast,  
Short their Provision, and their Anchors lost:  
With joyful Eyes the fainting Sailors gaze,  
Their Course reforming by its friendly Rays:  
Thus *Judith* beauteous from her Sorrows came,  
Thus all took Courage, who beheld the Dame.  
To bless her Enterprize the Elders rose,  
The Gates slow-creeking next the Guard unclose.  
Her Progress all with steady looks pursue,  
Till Night and Distance terminate their View.

Judith

## CANTO III.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Judith arrives at the Camp of Holofernes, she is conducted to the Tent of that General. Her situation in the Camp, till she found out the Means of effecting his Death; her triumphant return to Bethulia, and the Rout of the Assyrian Army.*

THE winding Hill and narrow Valley past,  
 In the wide Plain the Pair arrive at last.  
 Screen'd by the 'Twilight Jewish hafts away,  
 Where the main Army with its Leader lay:  
 Now in their March the prowling Watch she meets,  
 And close advanc'd with friendly Accent greets,  
 And as on mighty Enterprizes bent,  
 Requires a Convoy to the Gen'ral's Tent.  
 Submits the ready Soldiers frail prepare,  
 A gorgeous Chariot to conduct the Fair,  
 Her trusty Servant and herself ascend,  
 The marshal'd Warriors at her Side attend,  
 Till at th' imperial Tent they make a Stand,  
 And wait, for Audience, their Chief's Command.

MEAN while the Rumor of their coming drew,  
 The idle Multitude in Crowds to view;

Eager they throng, but scarce approaching nigh,  
Glance through the armed Ranks a transient Eye,  
Who thus the Glimpses of her Form had seen  
With more Impatience strive to see again;  
While those who plainly view, with fixt Surprise,  
Dwell on the Sight, and feed their longing Eyes.

BUT now Access is giv'n, the op'ning Throng,  
Divide obsequious, where she moves along:  
To the chief Guard the Troop their Charge resign,  
Who parting form on either Hand a Line.  
Within, a menial Train her Entrance wait,  
In all the gaudy Pageantry of State.  
Six purpled Slaves who blazing Intense bore  
In Lamps of Silver, went their Lord before,  
While *Judith* follow'd by her Maid alone,  
Herself a Wonder all the Pomp out-shone.  
Compos'd and calm she seem'd, and as they meet,  
Fell down with graceful Rev'rence at his Feet.  
To raise her up the Servants strait repair,  
Studious to please a Personage so fair.  
The Foe himself insensibly grew mild,  
And as he spoke his rugged Visage smil'd.

FAIR one, whate'r thy Embassy may prove,  
Let this Assurance all thy Fears remove.  
Who'er a Friendship to my Lord intend,  
The King of Kings, in us shall find a Friend;

But



But who imprudent lift the hostile Spear,  
 Destruction swallows, for with them we war.  
 No! had thy People but obey'd my Word,  
 Far, far, from hence I now had drawn the Sword:  
 Still on their Mountains might thy Nation keep,  
 Nor see their Cities flame, nor hear their Captives weep.  
 But say what Motive, for we wish to know,  
 Brings thee to hope Protection from a Foe;  
 If at the Conduct of thy People griev'd,  
 Or seek'st Redress for Injuries receiv'd,  
 This, or what else it be, undaunted speak,  
 Nor think thou liv'st, but for thy Story's Sake.

Thus ended he, the Fair in modest Guise,  
 Prepares to speak, and lifts her sparkling Eyes.  
 All on her Charms with still Attention hung,  
 When thus broke forth the Musick of her Tongue.

If you, Great Chief, whom conquer'd Worlds have  
 told,  
 In Counsel prudent as in Action bold;  
 Can deign as faithful my Advice to take,  
 And hear the full Discoveries I make;  
 Sure as the Mightiest of the Mighty lives, —  
 From whom my Lord such ample Sway receives,  
 The Sword shall all thine Enemies devour,  
 But wait with Prudence till the fated Hour:  
 Till God himself shall speed thy destin'd Way,  
 And give them helpless to thy Host a Prey.

For whilst protected by his saving Hand,  
Vain is thy Force; for still they may withstand.  
No treacherous Fiction this, that I-reveal!  
Search, and thy Captives as myself can tell,  
Each Neighb'ring Nation in its Turn has known,  
That *Jadab* wars with *Prowess* not his own;  
But now the God, on whom their Hopes depend,  
Mov'd by their Sin, shall cease to be their Friend.  
From divers Meats commanded to abstain,  
Thro' pressing Want they make that Precept vain.  
Nay farther yet, they purpose to defile,  
Their Corn, their Fruits, their hallow'd Wine and Oil.  
Revoke the Offerings of their former Years,  
And fruitless make their once accepted Pray'rs,  
One to *Jerusalem* is sent to bear,  
A specious Licence from the Senate there.  
Where the same wild tumultuous Madness reigns,  
And injur'd Piety as loud complains:  
Soon as this Message reaches to their Walls,  
Each on the Prey without Restriction falls;  
So fond their Woe, as tho' to Man 'twere given,  
To order for th' Omniscience of Heaven.  
Limit his Punishments and in his stead,  
Allow to practise, what he once forbade.  
'Tis then thy Arms resistless may succeed,  
For instant Vengeance overtakes the Deed.  
All this my God, whose Messenger I come,  
Whose Laws I keep, hath taught me to foredoom.

And

And bids me nightly to the Vale repair  
To pray till he the Moment shall declare,  
When I—these Mountains with Destruction crost,  
E'en to *Jerusalem* shall lead thy Host.  
Like scatter'd Sheep disperse this Rebel Train,  
And fix thy Throne for ever to remain.  
Here ended she, yet each with ravish'd Ear,  
And look benevolent stood fixt to hear.  
Thus the sweet *Syrens* all their Arts employ,  
Charm those they hate, and please but to destroy.  
The Tyrants self enamour'd gaz'd her o'er,  
And thus confess'd resistless Beauty's Pow'r ;  
A Form so beautiful, so wise a Mind,  
Such heav'nly Looks with sweet Perswasion join'd  
Forbid the Hearer in Suspence to stand,  
Prevent the Will, and while they ask, command.  
Should God, at whose Direction this is done,  
Assist to perfect, what thou hast begun,  
Him as Supreme for ever I'd allow,  
With thee in Consort, at his Altars bow.  
Thou too, when Fate shall these our Foes destroy,  
Shalt name no Blessing but thou may'st enjoy,  
Shalt live like *Assur* in the Pomp of State,  
Compleatly happy, as renown'd and great.

Thus spake the Foe, and first proceeding bade  
The rest conduct her, where his Stores were laid ;  
There o'er his Chiefs superior and alone,  
He sat exalted on a purple Throne ;

Whence Gold and precious Stones, in mingled blaze;  
Of various Colours sent ten thousand Rays.

Thus in the spangled Mantle of the Night,  
Each various Quarter glows with various Light :  
That, fiery red with some malignant Star,  
This, mix'd of Gold, and this, like Silver fair.

AROUND the Throne each Board with Chargers shone,  
The Wealth of Kings by *Rapine* made his own.  
In these large Heaps of choicest Meats were stow'd,  
And copious Streams of brimming *Nectar* flow'd.  
Of such to taste unlicens'd and unus'd,  
The profer'd Grace the fair One thus refus'd ;  
These Meats unknown permit me to forego,  
Lest I too sinning make my God my Foe :  
My Friend and Servant, as we want, can give  
With safer Hand sufficient Means to live ;  
Nor, trust me, shall our little Treasure fail,  
Till God forsake our Foes, and thou prevail.  
So saying, they their Appetite suppress,  
With short Refection, and retir'd to Rest.  
Instant, unseen attendant Angels steep,  
Her careful Temples in the balm of Sleep.  
Around her Couch their restless Watch employ,  
And whisper Dreams of Extasy and Joy.  
She saw the Felon tumbled from his Throne,  
An headless Carcase at her Feet lie prone.  
And strait on Fancy's Wing convey'd along,  
Tho' how she knew not, seem'd her Friends among.

Met

JUDITH, an Heroick POEM. 151

Met with a Song of Praise with Garlands crown'd,  
 Whilst the whole City throng'd rejoicing round.  
 And as the Scene of Triumph pass'd away,  
 Sweet Heav'nly Voices said, or seem'd to say.  
*Judith* arise, to yonder Valley speed,  
 And ask of God to realize thy Deed.  
 Wak'd and confirm'd by what the Vision said,  
 Deep-wrap'd in Thought she rises from her Bed.  
 Speaks her Design in Whispers to her Friend,  
 And bids her straightway on her Steps attend.

MEAN while the Tyrant laid devoid of Rest,  
 Imagination working in his Breast.  
 He thought her o'er in all her Beauties bright,  
 And wish'd impatient for the Morning Light,  
 When lo! a Servant by the fair One sent,  
 Approach'd to ask her Passage from the Tent.  
 Ere well he heard, he gives a fresh Command,  
 That none presume her Motions to withstand.

THUS unrestrain'd the Pair in silence go,  
 Fearless, unquestion'd, thro' the sleeping Foe.  
 Led by the falling Rills, whose murmuring Sound,  
 Lull'd the still Night, *Bethulia's* Mount they found;  
 From out whose Foot the gushing Fountains sprung,  
 The tinkling Rocks with hollow Sounding rung;  
 The Fair arriv'd, her Vesture lays aside,  
 And baths secure within the Crystal Tide;  
 Cleans'd of each Stain and Sin the Brink ascends,  
 And on the rugged Rock devoutly bends.

For



For not as now, might Man address his God,  
Purg'd from his Frailties in a Saviour's Blood.  
A Mystick Wash by distant Type ally'd,  
And ting'd with Faith for better Streams supply'd:  
Yet high to Heav'n, not unaccepted came,  
The pious Ardours of the fervent Dame:  
No more with anxious Doubts her Bosom burn'd,  
Confirm'd she rose, and to the Camp return'd.  
Sate all the Day within the Tent retir'd,  
And seen the less, was still the more admir'd.

Thus had she spent the third revolving Day,  
When now the Fee, impatient of Delay,  
The fourth, his Nobles to a Feast conven'd  
Such, whose Affairs permit them to attend.  
That haply by Entreaty drawn to share  
The heedless fair One might indulge too far;  
And he some Interval unguarded find,  
When Mirth inflam'd, and Reason left the Mind.

ALL was prepar'd, when now he bids invite  
The beauteous Stranger to the genial Rite.  
But e'er she came her Servant rais'd a Board,  
With her own Wine and simple Dainties stor'd;  
Then o'er a Couch the richest Carpets strow'd,  
The Tyrant's Treasure! for her Use allow'd:  
By this adorn'd Majestick in her Gait,  
Enter'd the Dame, and close before him sat:  
A pleasing

JUDITH, an Heroick POEM. 4153

A pleasing Faintness o'er his Spirits stole,  
Her nearer Beauties shook his inmost Soul:  
From his wan Cheek at once the Colour flies,  
'And strongest Passion' wanton'd in his Eyes.  
His Heart thick-beating flutter'd in his Breast,  
And lab'ring Breath his first Words scarce express'd.

COME, lovely Partner in the War, he cry'd.  
With us the Pleasures of the Day divide.  
Too strict, too distant is the Life you lead,  
Let social Joy to Prayers and Fasts succeed;  
Not so severe can be the Will of Heav'n,  
Nor thus to languish was thy Beauty given.  
To whom the Fair; what you my Lord command,  
Your Handmaid I presume not to withstand.  
If e'er such Pleasures with my Life agreed,  
'Bove all the past the present Day may plead.  
For yet I ne'er such inward Triumph found,  
Was honour'd thus, or saw such Splendor round.

So saying, freely as the rest she shar'd  
The little Banquet, which her Maid prepar'd;  
Glad was the Foe, and careless to what Height  
Excess may lead, indulg'd in each Delight.  
Thoughts he had none, or all his Thoughts employ'd,  
How the dear Object might be still enjoy'd:  
What Means might surest lengthen out their stay,  
And give him still her Beauty to survey.

THUS

Thus Luxury misrul'd, 'till each full Guest,  
Opprest and weary stole away to Rest :  
His Tendants did the same, and thought this Night,  
Must give their Lord the long-desir'd Delight.  
But like themselves in Sleep's Embrace he lies,  
For God had clos'd his unconsenting Eyes.

'Twas now the Dame perceiv'd his Servants gone,  
And none attending save her Maid alone ;  
The Foe, the great Blasphemer of her God,  
Unarm'd, insensible, an helpless Load ;  
The Place, the Opportunity recall,  
Straight to her Mind the Vision of his Fall.

Beside his Throne hung glitt'ring all in State,  
With his proud Crest a Sword of massive Weight :  
Such, whose fell Stroke did never light in vain,  
Parent of Sorrows ! made to wait again.

This view'd the Dame, and seizing undismay'd,  
With all her Might draws forth the flaming Blade ;  
Conceives a warm unutterable Pray'r,  
And firm of Soul, approach'd the Foe with Care ;  
Where bury'd in Intemperance he lay,  
And with his Falchion lopp'd his Head away ;  
That done, she rolls the Carcase on the Floor,  
(Dash'd was the Throne, the Groundsel stream'd with Gore.)

THE Head she takes, from off the Columns teape,  
The purple Vail, and to her Servant bears,  
Who, in their own Apartment bid to stay,  
Wak'd to attend her, where she us'd to pray.  
The dang'ous Trophies carefully bestow'd,  
She rais'd supporting, and away they trode.  
The meanly Scrip, that held their Meats before,  
So God ordain'd, a nobler Burthen bore.  
He by slight Means can human Fortune sway,  
And humbly-low the proudest Mortals lay.

THUS unsuspected thro' the Camp they fled,  
Quick to the Town, for Fear assists their Speed.  
And now the Dame the City Walls drew near,  
Hark! a glad Voice the fainting Watchmen hear,  
"Ope, ope thy Gates *Bethulia* she cry'd,  
"Break into Song, for God is on thy Side."  
Strait at her well known Words the Gates uncloze,  
And in the Saviour of her Country goes.

WITHIN the Town there lay an open Court,  
Of vast Extent, a Place of chief Resort.  
Where the Besieg'd at each Return of Night,  
With ceaseless Fires supply'd the Want of Light;  
Thither the Fair Adventurer to greet,  
The joyful Elders with the People meet:  
A Circle round in Expectation frame,  
And wait the Tidings of the wondrous Dame;

Who

Who from her Store th' amazing Trophies drew,  
 One Hand supports the Vail of various Hue,  
 Twin'd in the Hair the other lifts the Head,  
 The Eyes half open'd seem'd to threat when dead.  
 The draggled Locks were wet with stif'ning Gore,  
 The Beard disorder'd stain'd the Face all o'er,  
 And as she shew'd it to her Friends around,  
 The scarce cold Blood dropt trick'ling from the Wound.

Behold, ye Men of *Israel*, she said,  
 The Pomp in which their mighty Chief was laid.  
 See his once dreaded Face, which awes no more,  
 Mute is the Tongue which threaten'd Death before.  
 With smoothest Words I purpos'd to deceive,  
 And Heav'n in Vengeance made their Hearts believe,  
 Won to my Side the Tyrant Savage-kind,  
 Bade me to live, for Lust inflam'd his Mind.  
 Yet mix'd of Awe, not violent and bold,  
 Delaying, hoping, by Respect control'd.  
 And thus at length the wish'd Occasion given,  
 My Hand has prov'd the Instrument of Heav'n.  
 His Troops unknowing of their Master's Fall,  
 In false Security are buried all.  
 Confusion follows, when his Fate they hear,  
 For Minds elate the soonest know Despair.  
 This must ourselves improve; e'er mounts the Sun,  
 Tell o'er the Mountains, what this Night has done.  
 Bid them, like us draw forth the embattl'd Train,  
 When Morning dawns; but go not to the Plain:

Till



Till the wild Foe perceive their Leader lost,  
And maddest Tumult discompose their Host :  
Then on our Walls suspend this Head on high,  
To add new Fears, if happily they descry.

THUS as she ends, the Croud their Voices raise,  
And speak in Shouts their universal Praise.  
Strait the swift Messengers, with Tidings sent,  
To all the Cities of the Mountains went,  
Where to the West the length'ning Ridges lean,  
And *Betomazben* views the boundless Plain,  
East, where in Prospect distant *Chusi* lies,  
And near *Ekrebel's* white Turrets rise.  
But now the rising Sun disclos'd from far,  
The Mountain tops, that glitter'd all with War,  
Strait in the Plains th' *Affyrians* take th' Alarm,  
Acquaint their Leaders and prepare to arm ;  
But sure of Conquest careless each appear'd,  
And Words like these throughout the Host were heard.

WHAT Madness drives these Miscreants on their Fate;  
Or seek they Death, as far a better State ?  
Thus they—when lo ! a sudden Cry is spread,  
Their Chief himself by Treachery was dead.  
Strait in each Face discordant Passions join'd,  
And Fear depress'd their late exulting Mind.  
Down drop their idle Arms, the Fields resound,  
With hideous Yell, themselves themselves confound.

In vain at length to giddy Flight they turn,  
 Troops stop on Troops with adverse Motions born.  
 As when from *Jordan's* Banks the Brakes among  
 The Lion brings his unexperienc'd Young,  
 Watchful they follow where he leads the Way,  
 Observe his Steps and meditate the Prey;  
 Till now some secret Toil approaching near,  
 Rush the bold Hunters forth, and launch the whizzing  
 Spear.

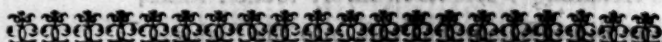
The mighty Savage falls; his Young beset  
 Hear his last Murm'ring Roar, and see his Fate;  
 Glare wildly round unknowing how to fly,  
 And helpless, heartless, unresisting die.

MEANTIME the Warriors from their lofty Post,  
 Both hear, and see the Tumult of the Host;  
 And quick-descending with a Shout they go,  
 Like bursting Thunder on th' affrighted Foe;  
 From ev'ry Quarter sound the fresh Alarms,  
 The Noise of Men, of Horses, and of Arms,  
 Soon the bright Faulchion smok'd with streaming Blood.  
 And heaps of Dead the Victor's Way bestrow'd.  
 Himself or Friend the flying *Syrian* gor'd,  
 The Steed o'erturn'd lay found'ring on his Lord;  
 There flying Horsemen meet with stunning Shock,  
 Here cumb'rous Chariots in each other lock;  
 Till the swift Sword o'ertakes its struggling Prey,  
 And all in one promiscuous Ruin lay:

As Headlong Torrents swoln by sudden Rains,  
From divers Mountains rush into the Plains,  
Where late the unsuspecting Cattle low'd,  
And ripening Crops in goodly Order stood ;  
Each waisting out its Course where'er they stray,  
Bear down the bending Corn, and sweep whole Herds  
away:

Thus on all Sides th' *Affyrian* Troops beheld,  
The hostile Squadrons pour along the Field.  
And *Israhel* conquer'd with resistless Might,  
Till silent Darkness stop'd the Rage of Fight.





An ODE on our Saviour's Passion, translated from  
the Greek of Mr. Masters, and designed for  
MUSICK.

RECITATIVE.

**N**O more let *Fanſi'd* DEITIES, inspire ;  
Hallow'd my MUSE, and hallow'd be my LYRE.  
Some sacred Handmaid break each sulli'd String,  
And fairest Cordage from my Purpose bring ;  
Such as ne'er founded to *polluted* Strain's,  
Such as may Sympathize with dying Pains :  
For 'tis a solemn Dirge, I mean to sing,  
And the sad Theme ; the Crucified King.

AIR.

O ! Thou with endless Wonders fraught,  
Beyond the Reach of human Thought,

What

ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΤΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ.

Σταύρωσι, Μορφοφικία.

Αλις ἰδεν φλόγα.

Αμμιβι Μῦσα χορδαί,

Καὶ βάρβιτον λαβῶσα,

Σαμνὸν κρότησον ὕμνον

Σταυρωμένῳ Αναλί.

Ω θανμάτων ἄπλησι

Θησαυροῖ, καὶ ἀπέραντι

Τί τοι, Τί πρῶτον ἔκτα :

*What shall my first Addresses be ?  
 Goodness ineffable, to Thee,  
 I would begin—I would explain,  
 What Mortal Tongue attempts in vain :  
 Since 'tis a Mystery too high,  
 For the blest Beings of the Skie ;  
 To comprehend how God should die.  
 I'd trace that Labyrinth of endless Love ;  
 Which could a Father, against Nature, move ;  
 So dear a Sacrifice ! his Son to give ;  
 For the strange Purpose ; that his Foes might live.*

## CHORUS.

*In lofty Strains, I'd then proceed,  
 To sing the Triumph, God decreed ;  
 A Triumph, where the Victor bled ;  
 But conquer'd while among the Dead :  
 Dead for three Days ! how short the Space ?  
 To end the Fears of human Race,  
 To captivate the Pow'rs of Hell :  
 And Death by Death for ever quell.*

P 2

RECITATIVE.

Θείω λίγην ἀνέπατον βροτοῖσι  
 Μακάρεσσι τε Δαίμοσι γρήφοι  
 Πῶς Θεὸς ἦν Ἰδανί !  
 Θείω ὑφ' οὐδ' αὖσαι  
 Θίσφατοι δριάμβοι  
 Τριήμεροιο νεκρῷ,  
 Καὶ ἀιχμάλων Αἰδῆν,  
 Καὶ Θάνατον θανάτῃ δαμέντα !



## RECITATIVE.

BUT hark! as yet there seems to gather round,  
 From various Noises mixt a murm'ring Sound:  
 'Tis from that gloomy Scene yon Mountain high!  
 On which dead Bones, and Skulls promiscuous lie,  
 With ev'ry Gale, I hear the Tumult still,  
 The Voice of those, who die, and those, who kill.

## AIR.

Mount to the airy Top, my Eye,  
 What passes there with Speed descry.  
 Stretch'd on the ignominious Tree,  
 One in the Mid'st I plainly see,  
 But how unlike the other Two,  
 Which in their Agonies I view?  
 On his dying Bosom laid;  
 Meekly droops his gracious Head,

And

Αλλά μοι ἀμφιβρέμει Κραίων ὄρεσ

Καὶ παλεῶν κηλὰς γίμει θάτα

Ολλύντων, ἄλλομένῳ τι.

Εὐδὸρί' ἐς λόφοι ὄμματα.

Τίς μέσσοις κείμεται τριῶν

Ὡς ὄδῳ δυσὶ κεῖλος!

Εκ δ' ἐτάδῃ τιτράζουσι πρίμῳ;

Περὶ κέρηνον

Ἠδὲως κικυφώς.

*And his sacred Arms out-strain'd,  
By their rending Flesh sustain'd;  
In ev'ry Nerve, and Sinew feel,  
The Tortures of the griding Steel.*

## RECITATIVE.

Loft Man, can you so void of Feeling be,  
Unmov'd a Spectacle like this to see?  
Ah! no with Wailings fill the troubled Air,  
Smite on your Breast, and frantick rend your Hair,  
That your disorder'd Form, and Look may tell,  
That *Pang* of Sorrow, which thy *Soul* should feel.

## AIR.

*All Purpled o'er,  
In his own Gore,*

Και ὤλεων ἱερὸν κράτος

Εὐχάρσιον πιτάσας

Νηλίσσι γέμψας

Πεπαρμένον ἔδα καὶ ἔδα!

Ἀνδρῶπι τάλας, τὰν' ἀπαθὲς βλέπεις

Οἰμῶς πολλά,

Εὐδῆτα ῥῆξον,

Καὶ τίπτε γέρον,

Καὶ τίλλε χαίτην,

Καὶ σπλαίχρα κινᾷ.

Ἡὲχ ὀρέας ὀλοπόρφυρον

Στίλβοντ' ἢ φλογί

Not with \* Sidonian Red,  
 With Visage wan,  
 Behold the Man!  
 While Thorns surround his Head,  
 Sharp Diadem!  
 Without a Gem,  
 But what his Temples bled:  
 Nay every Limb,  
 Appears to swim,  
 With the same vital Dew,  
 Drawn by the Whip;  
 From Channels deep,  
 And running still anew.

## RECITATIVE.

Set ope the gushing Flood-gates of your Eyes,  
 And down your Cheeks the Streams of Grief command:  
 With

Σιδονίης ἀλός ἀλ-  
 λ' αἵματι γαζαμένῃ;  
 Τῷ μὲν ἀπὸ κροτάφων  
 Κυκλωμένῳ ἀκάνθῃς  
 Οξυτόμοισι κεφαίς·  
 Τῷ δὲ καὶ ἐκ μελέων  
 Κεχαλαγμένων ἱμάσδεσσιν  
 Πικρῆσι συμπλοκῇσι.  
 Ἄνοιγ', ἀνοιγε  
 Πύλας ὀπωπῶν

\*The best Purple of the *Antients* came from Tyre and Sidon.

With these, at least, attempt to sacrifice;  
And wash the guilty Earth whereon you stand.

## CHORUS.

To Him, who did not spare;  
The precious ever-Streaming Flood,  
Of his Redeeming, saving Blood,  
Shall Man refuse a Tear?

Καὶ πῦγας βλεφάρων

Λύσαι· τίναζ' διὺς γαῖαν.

Σὺν τῷ ἀφύδῳ;

Ἐὼς αἷμα χύει·

—Τ', ὀλίγ' ἅπτα λείβετο δάκρυα

Τις φθόνος, ὃ βροτῇ;

Θυμῶς ὁ Μαρῆτος.

April, 19, 1633.

*Conscripta est hac Ode Ὁδὴ ἑρῶ,*

*Et erudita, a doctissimo Viro,*

*Tho. Masters Col: novi apud*

*Oxonienfes olim Socio.*

## F I N I S.

## ERRATA.

For expird Page 73 read expired. Hurl 76 Huris.  
Thrawl 78 Thrall. presumptious 172 presumptuous.

*Other Books, which have been written by the Reverend Dr. FREE, and sold by William Sandby, at the Ship, opposite St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street.*

I. **H**ISTORY of the *English* Tongue, with the Author's intended Dedication to his Royal Highness Prince GEORGE; now Prince of *Wales*, PART. I. printed in 1749, and containing an Account,

I. Of the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue, as once spoken in *Britain*.

II. Of the *British* or *Welsh*, and it's antient present Limits.

III. Of the *Pybtas*, corruptly called *Picts*, by the ROMANS; their Settlement in the North of BRITAIN; the Original of their NAME, and the Nature, Extent, and Duration of their LANGUAGE.

IV. Of the SCOTS from *Ireland*; and the Extent of the *Eerfe* Language; in order to distinguish it from the *English* in the North of BRITAIN, which vulgarly passes under the Name of *Broad Scotch*.

2. A Volume of SERMONS, preached before the University of *Oxford*, printed in 1750. With a Preface tending to reform some remarkably bad Practices, both in Church and State; to the Neglect of which, we principally owe our present Misfortunes.

3 Political SERMONS, and DISCOURSES, collected into one Volume, under the Title of the Sentiments of a true ANTIGALLICAN; and dedicated to his Royal Highness, the DUKE, 1756.

4 A second ANTIGALLICAN Sermon preached in the Year 1756, upon the Terms of National Unanimity: With a Genealogical Table, shewing his MAJESTY's antient Connexions, with the Crowns of these Kingdoms, long antecedent in Time to the Marriage of his Ancestor with the Steward Family.

All these, except this Sermon, being out of Print: The Author has some Design of re-publishing the Volume of Sermons before the University, as likewise the Political Discourses, in two neat Pocket-Volumes, of the Size of these POEMS: If he determines upon this, he will farther advertise the Publick.